HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 93.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

I. THE LOSS OF THE "AUSTRIA," WITH THREE MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS.
II. EDITORIALS.
III. THE LOUNGER.
IV. THE FORTS ON FRAZER'S RIVER, WITH TWO FINE VIEWS.
V. MR. MORPHY IN ENGLAND, WITH A NEW PORTRAIT AND ALL HIS LATE GAMES.
VI. LITERARY.
VII. DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
VIII. FOREIGN NEWS.
IX. THE POISONED MEAL.
X. APPLE-TIME AT UNCLE JERRY'S.
XI. BULWER'S "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—*Continued.*
XII. THE COMET, WITH A FINE ILLUSTRATION.
XIII. PROVO, UTAH TERRITORY, WITH A PICTURE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SHANTIES.
XIV. THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.
XV. MARKET AND FINANCIAL REPORTS.
XVI. COMICALITIES.

THE LOSS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

WE are indebted to the polite kindness of Messrs. C. B. Richard, Boas, & Co., agents of the *Austria*, for the accompanying accurate picture of the ill-fated steamer, which is taken from the print executed in Germany at the time she was built. The following description, the materials of which were supplied to the papers by the agents, explains how fine a ship she was:

THE AUSTRIA.

The *Austria* was one of the four screw steamers of the Hamburg line, the other three being the *Borussia*, the *Saxonia*, and the *Hammonia*. She is said to have been one of the finest, and, in proportion to her size, one of the strongest steamers that ever crossed the Atlantic. The *Austria* and *Saxonia* were both the same size, and were somewhat larger than the other two vessels of the same line, which were the first constructed by the company to which they belong. Both of the last-named steamers were constructed near Glasgow, on the Clyde, for the passenger and carrying trade between Hamburg and New York. They are constructed of iron, and were fitted up with accommodations for first and second cabin and steerage passengers, of which they were each equally capable of carrying between 550 and 600.

The *Austria's* measurement was 2500 tons, and her cost $350,000. She was nearly as long as the *Adriatic*, being 347 feet from stem to stern, but her carrying capacity was greatly reduced by her breadth of beam, which did not exceed forty feet. Her depth of hold was thirty-eight feet. The fact of her having caught fire is something remarkable, as she was almost wholly constructed of iron, the very stancheons being made of the same material. She was bark rigged, and her great length, as well as the sharpness of her model, and the large amount of sail she was capable of carrying, made her quite a fast vessel. The machinery is said to have been constructed on the latest and most improved plan, and her engine is known among those conversant with such matters as the steam hammer. As is already known, she was a propeller, and was capable of making, under steam alone, from ten to eleven, and sometimes twelve knots an hour. She had four decks altogether, and her cabin accommodations were of a superior description. The state-rooms were richly furnished, and the first cabin, among its other attractions, possessed that of a fine-toned piano. In this cabin there were accommodations for fifty-four passengers, while those in the second were said to be amply sufficient for 117, and the steerage could accommodate upward of 400. All these apartments were, it appears, well ventilated and well lighted, and if the means of saving life were as ample, very little fault could be found with the *Austria;* but, as in the case of other ocean steamers, the number of life-boats, we believe, was not at all adequate to the size of the ship and to the number of passengers she was intended to carry.

In addition to the other accommodations, there was the usual one of a smoking-room, and there was also a large library of books, and sufficiently miscellaneous to suit any taste. An abundant supply of fresh water was always to be had, as there was a machine on board capable of condensing 2400 gallons per day. The water was conveyed to every part of the ship by means of pipes. The culinary department was on a scale proportionate to the number of passengers which the ship was intended to carry.

There were eight Francis's metallic life-boats, each of which, we are told, was capable of holding fifty persons, but all of which, it should be noticed, were certainly insufficient to the saving of the lives of between five and six hundred persons. She was divided into ten water-tight compartments. The owners of passenger ships never by any chance provide their vessels with too many life-boats; their mistakes are always on the wrong side.

The engines of the *Austria* were four hundred horse-power, and were, as we have said, devised and constructed after the latest model. The steering apparatus was provided with a patent gear, and the whole was inclosed, so as to protect the helmsman against the weather.

HER LAST VOYAGE.

The *Austria* sailed from Hamburg for Southampton and New York on 2d September, with the following human beings on board: In the first cabin, 68 persons, of whom 19 were children. In the second cabin, 111 persons, of whom 8 were children. In the steerage, 241 persons, of whom 30 were children. Making a total of 368 adults and 57 children, or 425 persons. The crew, including the captain and officers, numbered 103 men, so that there were altogether 538 souls on board.

On 13th September, at 2 P.M., a fire broke out in the steerage. It was caused by the maladroitness of the boatswain, who was trying to fumigate the vessel by immersing a hot chain in a bucket of tar. The chain was too hot. It ignited the tar, and the bedding and light wood-work of the ship instantly caught fire. The ship was burned to a shell; and of the 538 souls on board only 67 were saved. These were taken off the wreck by the French ship *Maurice*, Captain Renaud, which happily came up with the *Austria* within a few hours after the outbreak of the fire, about 5 P.M., on the 13th. Twelve of these passengers were taken from the *Maurice* by the *Lotus*, bound to Halifax, and have arrived here. We proceed to give, from the statements of the survivors, a connected history of this most lamentable catastrophe:

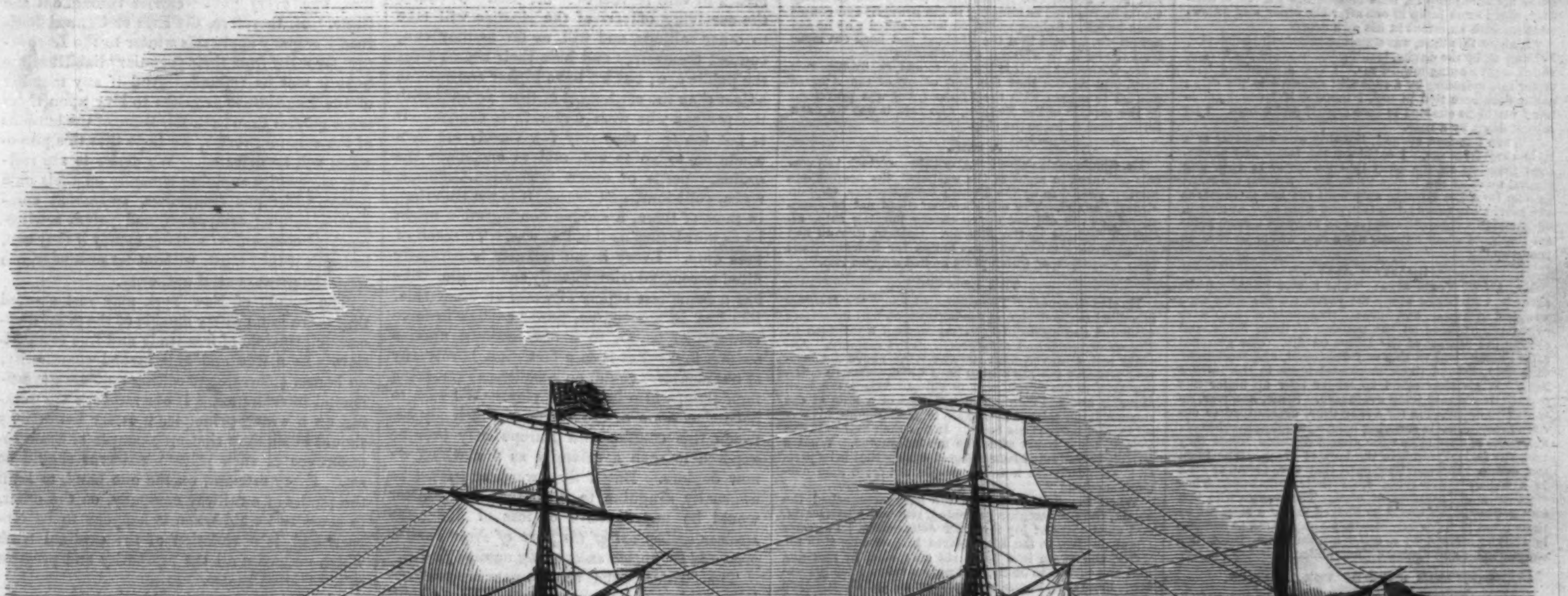
HOW THE FIRE AROSE.

Professor Glaubensklee, one of the survivors, thus describes how the fire originated: "On the 13th of September, Captain Heydtmann and the physician gave orders to have the vessel fumigated. The fourth officer was charged with the execution of the order. He ordered the boatswain's mate to take a bucket of tar and a piece of hot iron and go into the forward steerage to fumigate it. They heated a piece of chain and dipped it into the tar to make a smoke; but the chain was so hot that it set the tar on fire. At the same time the other end of the chain became too hot to hold, and the boatswain's mate let it fall, thus upsetting the bucket of tar, which, being already on fire, rapidly spread over the deck in all directions. The flames from the tar immediately set fire to the berths and mattresses in the steerage, and spread along the deck with incredible rapidity. In an instant it ran through the gangways to the hatchways at the entrance of the first and second cabins toward the poop, blazing up through them like a blast furnace, and thus cutting off all retreat for those who were below.

"In order to understand why the fire communicated to all parts of the vessel so readily, it should be stated that the day was very pleasant, the wind light, with a smooth sea; and in order to fumigate the vessel more thoroughly, all of the port-holes, state-rooms, and doors in the bulkheads were opened to allow of a free circulation of air and a thorough ventilation. In less than five minutes, the upper deck amidships was on fire."

THE PANIC.

Mr. Henry A. Smith says: "Every one on board appeared perfectly wild. Some gave themselves up to despair at once, and engaged in loud and distressing appeals of prayer; others shrieked and screamed; others, again, swooned and became helpless, and almost unconscious of the awful fate that awaited them, of being burned alive; while but a small number, comparatively, of the human beings on board had presence of mind and firmness enough to go properly to work to save themselves, and even those met with impediments which too frequently exist in such cases to the saving of life. The boats, although ten in number, capable of doing such effective service, were found transfixed, as it were, to the



THE STEAMSHIP "AUSTRIA," BURNED AT SEA SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.

chocks on which they were kept, as though they had been riveted to them with the expectation that they would never be required. The hose, designed for the extinguishment of fire, was out of order; and the captain, instead of organizing his officers and crew for energetic action in attempting to extinguish the flames, and, if deemed impracticable, in manning the boats and in something like systematic order endeavoring to transfer the passengers, women and children first, to the vessel in sight, was observed running about the deck of the vessel, apparently as wild and destitute of self-command as the most ignorant emigrant on board. Children were trodden under foot by the elder, unfeeling passengers; some ran up aloft into the rigging, as though they would be saved in that way; others, again, began to doff their heavy clothing, and others to prepare themselves for the final resort of jumping overboard and running the risk of being picked up."

THE SCENE ON THE BOWSPRIT.

Mr. Palicrusa says: "As the flames increased, the poor, miserable creatures on the bowsprit jumped into the water as their clothes caught on fire—dropping into the water 'like drops of rain in a heavy shower.' One woman, with two daughters, kissed them both, and then putting her arms around them, all three jumped into the water. An English lady, who came on board at Southampton with her husband, had three children with her—a girl about five years old, a boy about three, and a babe in her arms. The husband had jumped over, and as the flames grew hotter and burned more fiercely, she took her little girl, kissed her, and threw her into the water. She then took the boy, a fair, healthy little fellow, embraced him, gave him her last kiss, and threw him in. He struck on his back and struggled very hard, rising to the surface three separate times, calling out 'Mamma,' each time, in the most piteous tones, then sunk to rise no more. The poor woman then clasped her baby to her breast and jumped in with it, kissing it repeatedly as they sank to the bottom. A young man who was in the second cabin, and who said he was going to California, where he had a brother, had his sister with him, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age. In order to save her from the fire he fastened a rope around her body, and, making one end fast to the deck, let her down over the side of the vessel. He then put another rope around his own body and let himself down; but the rope was not well fastened, and as he jumped over it slipped from under his arms and caught him around the throat. As he struck the water the waves dashed him up against the vessel's side, and falling back again he was quickly choked to death; his sister shrieking, 'Help! help! will nobody help my brother?'" Mr. Palicrusa says when he left the vessel the poor girl was hanging there, screaming and crying, with the waves dashing the dead body of her brother against her every few moments. An Englishman about fifty years of age, who came on board at Southampton with his wife, crawled with her out on the bowsprit as far as they could, and as the flames approached they clasped their arms around each other with one last kiss, jumped into the water and sank immediately. And so brothers and sisters, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, embracing each other, jumped into the waves.

THE SCENE ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

Mr. Charles Brews says: "The scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-rending. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro—husbands seeking their wives, wives in search of their husbands, relatives looking after relatives, mothers lamenting the loss of their children, some wholly paralyzed by fear, others madly crying to be saved; but a few perfectly calm and collected. The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea; relatives, clasped in each other's arms, leaped over, and met a watery grave; two girls, supposed to be sisters, jumped over, and sank kissing each other. A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant-steward, arm in arm, followed. One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children, four of them girls, made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his own arms.

"I, about this time, was standing outside the bulwarks, holding on by the davits, leaning out to avoid the flames, which were leaping toward me. I saw a swamped boat under me, spinning by a rope still attached to the ship; as the oars were tied in her, I thought if I could get to her I would be enabled to save myself and others. I let myself down by a rope.

"When I looked around, the ship was a quarter of a mile away from me. I could see the ladies and gentlemen jumping off the poop into the water in twos and threes, some of the ladies in flames. Several hesitated to leap from the burning ship until the last moment, as the height was twenty-two feet, and were only, at length, compelled to throw themselves off to avoid a more painful death. In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop."

ROASTED ALIVE.

Mr. Alfred Vexin says: "The flames leaped up the shrouds, and licked along the yards, till the sails were wrapped in flames, and burning fragments of them were continually falling on the persons of those below, and setting the dresses of the ladies on fire. One garment after another was in this way destroyed, and the loss of each only exposed them more and more to the intense heat. When they could no longer bear up under this torture they would jump overboard. Some, however, retained their position for a long time, determined to endure every possible suffering before jumping overboard; and some of the ladies were almost disrobed before they took the fearful leap into the jaws of death. The men, too, endured the scorching until they were forced to seek in a watery grave relief from their sufferings. They were generally ingulfed at once. The women who had any garments left would be buoyed up for a moment by them; but in a few minutes they disappeared so suddenly that it seemed as if some unseen power below had caught them and dragged them under."

HORRIBLE FATE OF THE FIREMEN.

Professor Glaubensklee says: "Some of the passengers who jumped overboard and saved themselves by swimming and floating on pieces of timber, told me that when they were in the water they saw agonizing human faces protruding from the lower tier of port-holes, close to the water, as though they were trying to force their way out, while the bright flames were shining behind them. These were probably the firemen and engineers, surrounded by a living wall of fire. When the *Austria* left Southampton she drew only sixteen feet of water, and at the time of this catastrophe probably a foot less, so that she was twenty feet out of water."

Mr. Berry says: "Hearing a loud cry of anguish, I looked over the steamer's side. I discovered a man's head protruding from a port-hole below, seemingly making efforts to force his way out of the narrow aperture, and on either side of his head the flames were streaming forth, leaving the inference that his body was already wrapped in flames."

LOVERS' EMBRACES.

Mr. A. Vexin says: "The steward and stewardess, who had succeeded in reaching the deck before the flames had extended into the cabin, were known to be lovers. They remained by one another, exhibiting the fondest affection. When forced by the heat to go overboard, they embraced and kissed one another, sprang into the water, and sank, locked in each other's arms. There were several newly-married couples on board among the German passengers. The husbands, in some instances, succeeded in getting hold of pieces of rope, which they tied about the waists of their wives in the hope of being able to save them."

A FATHER'S DEATH.

Mr. Charles F. V. Rosen says: "My father and I ran forward to escape the fire, and were followed by the other passengers. I saw the fire pouring out through the sky-lights. In ten or fifteen minutes more the cry ran fore and aft, 'To the boats!' All hands then crowded into the boats, which had been hanging in-board, but were now swung out by the davits. The first mate mounted the rail near the forward boat on the port side, in which they were sitting with a large crowd of other passengers. He ordered all of us to get out of the boat, so that it could be lowered. But as fast as one set got out others rushed into their places, and we also went back to our first seat. The first mate then took a sailor's knife and cut the tackle, and the boat fell into the water. Falling some twenty-five feet the boat filled and sunk, and all the people were washed out. I came up under the bottom of the boat, but I found my way out, and clambered into the boat. There were five or six oars lashed together, and they floated out. My father came up within reach of these, and seized hold of them with five or six others. He saw me in the boat, and called out to me, 'Oh, my boy, we are all lost!' In a short time one end of the oar drifted near the boat and I caught hold of it, to haul him in. I also asked a passenger near to assist me to save my father. We pulled together, but there were so many clinging to the oars we could not move them. The gentleman said, 'It is no use; we can not move them.' I then said to my father, 'Hold on, and do the best you can; it is impossible to move them.' He then drifted along near us, still clinging to the oars. In this way he held on for nearly four hours. I could not bear to look at him, and we drifted in silence. There was nothing in the boat to throw to him. During this time the boat rolled over several times, and many were drowned each time. I was so exhausted I could not get into the boat. I asked one of the passengers to assist me, and he kindly drew me into the boat. We drifted between two and three miles astern of the steamer, and could only see the flames rising above the deck. There was no conversation, except an occasional request by the first mate that the passengers would sit still, so as not to capsize the boat. My father by this time had drifted so near the boat that he caught hold of the stern. I was at the bow and could not reach him. Mr. John F. Cox said, 'Charley, your father has hold of the stern of the boat, and can get in.' I said, 'Oh, I am so glad that he is safe!' But he was so exhausted that he held on only about five minutes, and then sunk. Just before he let go he said to Mr. Cox, 'If my boy is safe, I am satisfied.'"

THE LAST PRAYER.

Mr. P. Berry says: "The scene had now become one of fearful terror. The passengers on board were made up of most all the European nations. There were English, Irish, French, Germans, Jews, Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, and a few Americans. Abaft of the wheel-house the Jews were kneeling together uttering the prayers of their peculiar religion. The Catholics were invoking their saints to save them; others rent the air with their wild shrieks; some sank down in quiet despair, indifferent to all that was going on about them; many rushed about in wild confusion, seeking some means of rescue, and a few remained quiet and serene."

SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW.

Mr. Alfred Vexin says: "In the midst of this fearful scene there was not the first indication that the officers of the vessel possessed the qualities necessary to their position. When women were screaming and in hysterics, children crying from the suffering they endured from the heat, and passengers rushing about in wild confusion, not knowing what was to be done, the officers behaved themselves like imbeciles or cowards. When the fourth officer ran up from the steerage, after carelessly or otherwise setting the vessel on fire, he rushed aft, jumped into one of the boats, followed by several of the passengers. As the boat was being let down the captain made a spring after it, but did not succeed in reaching it. He caught a rope, however, but the speed at which the vessel was running was so great that he was drawn under, and he was soon exhausted, let go his hold and sank. The boat was smashed under the propeller, and all on board of her were lost. Some of the passengers sought for buckets, but none were at hand."

Mr. Berry confirms the statement of other passengers as to the utter indifference displayed by various officers of the *Austria* as to the fate of the passengers. The fourth officer, on arriving on board the *Maurice*, congratulated himself on being one of the first to leave the steamer. When Hahn, the first officer, arrived, he promised to return soon with the life-boat on which he had been saved, and rescue from twenty-five to thirty whom he reported as clinging to the bowsprit and chains when he left. Subsequently, on being asked why he did not return, he said that the life-boat had been cut loose from the bark, by whom it was unknown.

Mr. Glaubensklee, it is but fair to add, contradicts this story, and asserts that the first officer of the *Austria* wanted to return with the life-boat, but was prevented by the captain of the *Maurice*, who said it was too dark for the boat to leave the ship.

A SAIL.

Mr. Glaubensklee says: "About three o'clock two vessels appeared in sight to the westward, the nearest one having proved to be the French bark *Maurice*, Captain Ernest Renaud. The other's name could not be ascertained, as she did not approach the burning ship, although signaled by the *Maurice*. Captain Renaud had sailed from Nantez, and was bound for Newfoundland from Mauritius, at which place he had stopped last."

THE RESCUE.

He also observes: "The wind died away, the *Maurice* remained motionless, and the hope which had heretofore animated the unfortunate survivors died away with it. The other vessel had disappeared in the distance. Another sail, however, soon showed itself above the horizon, probably the Norwegian bark which was seen cruising around the wreck next morning. When the bark *Maurice* had got within three-quarters of a mile of the steamer it fell calm, and Captain Renaud brought his vessel to, and lowered his boats. It was then half past five o'clock, three hours after the fire originated. What a terrible tragedy had been enacted during that brief period! Of nearly six hundred people not more than one-tenth survived!"

When the first boat from the bark approached the wreck, the poor creatures shouted, laughed hysterically, and shed tears of joy for their deliverance. Professor Glaubensklee, as the boat neared him, sprang into the water, and swam into her. He succeeded in reaching her, and proved to be the first person taken from the water. Four or five persons more were picked up, and then they hurried with their freight back to the brig. About midway between the steamship and the brig they encountered what they supposed was a corpse floating in the water face uppermost. The mate of the bark insisted on picking it up, when it proved to be the body of Theodore Eisfeld, who was restored to life soon after their arrival on the brig, although twenty-four hours later he had not quite recovered his consciousness.

When the rescued people reached the *Maurice*, they were kindly received by Captain Renaud and his men, who set about providing them with clothes, and binding up their wounds. Two boats were kept plying between the brig and the steamer until nightfall. At that time, probably from ten to twenty persons were hanging to the bowsprit of the steamer and the ropes suspended from it. Captain Renaud was afraid to risk the lives of his men in an open boat after dark, so the good work was suspended.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

The following list of cabin passengers of the *Austria* from Hamburg has been published: "Herm Sondheim, wife, and five children, New York; Miss Bridget Loughlin, New York; Carl Nettman, New York; T. Eisfeld, New York; Mrs. Julie Ebbinghaus and daughter, New York; A. Weissenborn, New York; A. E. Wiedmann, New York; E. Weisker, New York; Mrs. Sophie Jegel and child, New York; A. M. Starmunt, New York; W. Rosenthal, wife, and five children, New York; Miss Lena Meyer, New York; Miss Minna Smith, New York; Th. Glaubensklee, New York; Jos. Hope, New York; Ed. Adelsdorfer, New York; Ed. Bogel, New York; Julius Busch, New York; S. Kititaff, Minden; J. Bogel and wife, New Orleans; Mrs. Emilie Vezin and three children, Philadelphia; Hermann Thorbecke, Philadelphia; Miss Therese Van Mengershausen, Arnsberg; Mrs. Anna Paypers and three children, St. Louis; Miss Maria Herken, St. Louis; Gustav Kohn, Konigsberg; Jacob Friendly and wife, Wittelsdorf; Wilh. Stachel, Cincinnati; Miss Hedwig Dormitzer, Hamburg; F. Gorrisen and wife, Hamburg; Miss Caroline Howitz, Copenhagen; Miss Helene Wulf, Copenhagen; Fr. Bartels, San Francisco; C. D. Trott, Zanzibar; J. B. Massury, Zanzibar; R. V. Durfeldt, Dresden; Ad. Hermann, wife, and seven children, Igelo.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 9, 1858.

THE LOSS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

We devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of the terrible disaster which engrosses the public attention—the loss of the *Austria*, and the miserable death of over five hundred human beings. The reader will find elsewhere very copious accounts, from the lips of the surviving passengers, of the accident itself and of the causes which led to it.

We are ourselves led, by a review of the whole circumstances, to approve the calm and philosophic comments of the *Evening Post*, rather than the angry denunciations which have appeared in other journals.

The fire arose from the carelessness of a sailor, who was employed, under the supervision of a petty officer, to fumigate the 'tween decks by heating a chain and thrusting it into tar. The tar took fire, and the fire, which at first might have been covered with a hat, soon enveloped the whole ship. No effort whatever was made to check the conflagration. The captain did the best thing he could do after he had lost his presence of mind—he jumped overboard. The officers prudently made sure of their own safety in a boat, leaving the passengers to burn or drown as they chose. No attempt was made to work the pumps; no one, in authority, even tried to set the ship broadside to the wind. Panic and paralysis were the order of the day.

Of course it is very easy, as an esteemed German contemporary has done, to contrast this wretched scene with that which preceded the final catastrophe of the *Central America*; to pit Herndon against Heytmann, and his officers against the very prudent persons who ran away as soon as they could. It is natural to recall, on the occasion of a disaster like this, the noble heroism of the British sailors and soldiers on board the *Birkenhead* and the *Sarah Sands*; and it is very saddening, and even irritating to reflect, that if the officers and crew of the *Austria* had been endowed with one tithe the nerve and courage which animated these Englishmen and these Americans, we might not, at this hour, have had to deplore any loss of life.

But it is not given to all to be heroes. Better, as the *Evening Post* says, try to provide against similar accidents in future than expend breath in vain regrets over the past. Of course the surviving officers of the *Austria* will take to other callings, and will, as far as they can, conceal themselves and hide their shame from the public eye; but we have higher concerns to adjust than the settlement of their account with the persons who were under their charge. It is but too true that very few vessels are in a condition to go to sea, and to encounter the ordinary perils of ocean navigation—storms, rocks, collisions, and fires. It is too true that, in most of them, a sudden conflagration might be as murderous as this last was. To speak of fires only. Every ocean steamer is naturally fitted to contend triumphantly against fire. She has a boundless supply of water on every side. She has, in her engine, power enough to force volumes of water, in a few seconds, upon a sudden fire. Yet it is a fact, that hardly any of our steamers could, on a sudden alarm, bring their pumps into beneficial play. We wish to hope that none of the steamers which ply between this country and Europe may ever be exposed to such a calamity as that which we now deplore. But if they were, one must be unusually sanguine to hope that the disaster would be unproductive of loss of life. *No steamer sailing out of the port of New York is prepared to contend successfully against fire.*

The *Post* says, that ship-owners are proverbially reckless of human life, and intimates that, sooner than expend a few dollars to put their machinery in order, they will endanger hundreds of human lives. In this sentiment we heartily concur. We believe that no class of persons are so habitually reckless of life as the owners of sea-going vessels. And therefore we think that, in view of the recklessness which an ample insurance breeds in ship-owners, it is the duty of Congress to still further amend the laws which are now in force for the protection of passengers in sea-going vessels. It should be made imperative on such vessels to be provided thoroughly and completely against the natural accidents of the voyage. Means should be provided against the spread of fire, and against the injudicious management of life-boats. Until this is done we must expect to hear, at regular intervals, of such disasters as that which we illustrate this week.

RAILROADS, AND RAILROAD POLICY.

Since our last Number appeared the four leading railways to the West—viz., the New York Central, the New York and Erie, the Pennsylvania Central, and the Baltimore and Ohio—have agreed upon a tariff of fares for passengers and freight which shall be remunerative without being unfair to any of the four competitors. Mr. Barlow, the President of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, to whose tact and energy the adjustment of the competition among these roads is chiefly due, has been appointed umpire to decide which, if any, of them may hereafter assume the responsibility of violating the agreement.

Singularly enough, simultaneously with the meeting of the Presidents of our great railroads, the Presidents of the great English lines of road held a meeting at the city of London with a view to put an end to the ruinous competition which has latterly prevailed in Great Britain. The Englishmen have not been as successful as the American railway Presidents; of twenty-one gentlemen who met to discuss the subject, nine protested against the proceedings of the meeting. The remaining twelve drew a plan of a tariff of fares, which in their own language was calculated to "yield the largest amount of profit to the road, due reference being had to the interest of the public," and urged with peculiar earnestness the establishment of a Board of Arbitration to settle disputes among railway companies. But as the meeting was a mere private assemblage, the decisions of the majority could not bind the minority, and hence the resolutions, however wise and sensible they may have been, will necessarily go for nothing. The London *Times* suggests that Parliament should take in hand the general subject of a railway consolidation, and should itself create a board of railway arbitrators; but, in the event of opposition on the part of a few leading companies, it seems very doubtful whether even the Parliament could interfere without violating vested rights.

So far as the railways of this State are concerned, the right of the Legislature to interfere, to any extent it deems fit, is beyond reasonable question. Both the Central and Erie, at all events, have voluntarily placed themselves under the control of the Legislature. And it is more than likely that one of the leading subjects to be discussed at the forthcoming session of the Legislature will be the railway policy of this State. One at least of our leading roads verges on bankruptcy; it is high time that the supreme legislative authority should take its case in hand.

For our part, we declare unhesitatingly that we are opposed to any State interference in the finances of railway companies. We see no reason why railway companies should enjoy any higher privileges, or be subject to any graver disabilities, than stage-coach or omnibus companies. To our view, the Erie and Central Railroad Companies occupy the same ground as Messrs. Kipp and Brown, the omnibus proprietors, and every public carrier throughout the State. If, therefore, the Erie or Central Railroad Company apply this winter to the Legislature for relief from their pecuniary liabilities, we hope it will be refused. And if any member of the Legislature proposes to levy upon them taxes greater than their fair share of the burdens of the commonwealth, we hope that this proposition will be defeated. We desire to see railway companies standing squarely on their own bottom, like gas companies, steamboat companies, mining companies, and patent sewing-machine companies: making money if they can, losing it if they must, without let or hinderance from the great central authority.

The people of New York may rest assured that there is no safety outside of the great democratic principle of free trade and free competition. In a free and enlightened community, no honest commerce or calling requires governmental interference. If our railways are working on a wrong principle, it is far better they should break than that an example of State interference in such private concerns should be set. Every attempt, on the one hand, to limit the profits of a railway company, on the other, to come to its aid when it happens to be embarrassed, is a violation of the cardinal truth which underlies all the prosperity and progress of the United States.

It would be unquestionably the best policy for the railways of the United States to have a general understanding with each other with regard to rates and fares. At present rates, it is beyond doubt that very many of them must be drawing nearer to bankruptcy daily. But if their managers have not the sagacity and the self-control to come to such a mutual understanding, the State Legislatures ought not to step out of their legitimate province to help them. When Brown and Jones enter into a fierce opposition in the making of boots or peg-tops, nobody expects the Legislature to step in and make a law that boots or peg-tops shall be sold only at so much a dozen. The rule should work equally with regard to railways. If they choose to ruin themselves, it should always be borne in mind that the loss is theirs, not the public's.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

In the course of this or the ensuing week the remaining vessels of the Paraguay Expedition will sail for the rendezvous at Buenos Ayres. We believe that the expeditionary force is the largest national squadron that ever set sail from the shores of the United States. It consists of eight fine sailing vessels and eight steamers, and will carry men enough to conquer all the states of South America, if any such conquest were desired. The object of employing so large a force against so insignificant an antagonist as Lopez, may be presumed to be a desire on the part of the Administration to give the ignorant races of South America a just idea of the strength and resources of the United States. It is known that Lopez refused to ratify our last treaty with him on the ground, among others, that this country was therein designated as "the United States of America," whereas he claimed that the name should have been "the United States of *North* America." He and his friends will probably shortly discover that the distinction was immaterial.

Among the demands which Judge Bowlin, who is to go out as United States Minister to Paraguay, is instructed to press on the notice of the despot of that state, is one which is novel and striking. He will demand that United States citizens in Paraguay shall be treated as fairly, and shall enjoy the same protection, as citizens of Paraguay do here. Hitherto it has always been deemed sufficient to demand that United States citizens shall enjoy the same rights in foreign states as the citizens of the most favored nations; and it is notorious that our countrymen, in many parts of Europe, and in all Asia, are very differently situate from all races of foreigners here. Should Judge Bowlin carry his point, and obtain perfect reciprocity in this particular, the event will be a diplomatic precedent of very marked importance.

We shall endeavor to keep our readers fully and thoroughly posted in reference to the progress of this important expedition. In the second number of this journal we gave a pretty full account of Paraguay and its ruler; their fate now will require, and will receive, elaborate treatment at our hands.

THE LOUNGER.

LATE FROM SEPOY ISLAND.

ONE great advantage of a weekly journal is that it can always have the news latest—and the latest news is something that enlightened readers well know how to appreciate. Events follow each other so rapidly that the Quarantine War has been reduced to corners and small type in the daily papers; and, perhaps, by the time this page is perused—so swift is the course of history—the Army of Occupation will be withdrawn, those pretty white tents struck, the Quarantine edifices rebuilt, and the people patiently awaiting the pestilence of next summer.

The Lounger says "perhaps."

Meanwhile, as historical documents, the following, which have been placed in the Lounger's hands by citizens of the county, may be considered valuable enough to be deposited in the venerable archives of the Staten Island Historical Society.

The Proclamation of the Governor strikes us as timely and perspicuous; the Message of the Mayor characteristic and statesmanlike; while, from the Card of the Army, it would appear that our beloved military are quite as well as could be expected; and the Proposals evince a regard for their sanitary condition which is beyond all praise.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

A large mob of armed men having ceased deliberately and wantonly to destroy property upon Sepoy Island—the cruel and inhuman dragging forth of sick and disabled patients having terminated—and the people of Richmond County and especially of the immediate neighborhood having expressed their profound repentance and eaten humble pie all round the authority of the laws so contemptuously and barbarously defied and trodden under foot having been re-established in the most civilized and humane manner at the point of the bayonet and by the assistance of "a few dozen bottles of Radway's Ready Relief" the incendiaries of an uncivilized community having paused in the firing of ships lying at Quarantine properly appalled by the wise petition of eminent merchants in our commercial emporium combined with a general sentiment throughout if I may say so the civilized world except of course that part which has never heard of these atrocities for how could they be expected by any if not by very misguided not to say self-deluded by designing and mistaken people of whatever country they be makes not the slightest difference properly to understand or even to estimate by which I essay to convey the meaning of appreciation in regard of course to the terrible outrages and scenes of violence of which I am now speaking for indeed inasmuch as it is very hard to convey to others ideas of which we ourselves are not possessed of for in so doing we are very apt to communicate impressions which it is very difficult to eradicate them notwithstanding every effort and indeed in some respects endeavors to do otherwise if not in fact in some different way

NOW THEREFORE

in pursuance of all these considerations forasmuch as the hereinafteraforesaid statements will have tended to bring all the pertinent matters into the most perfect obscurity and to avoid to any the most profound investigator which it may be all about if he can find out what that may be

I THE GOVERNOR

by and with the advice and consent of the Mayor denounce the practice of sending coals to Newcastle and I declare that by reason of the acts and proceedings of contrition and penitence on the part of the people of Richmond County and the well-known bold and principal actors and abettors in these deeds of arson and murder having been brought to condign punishment which it is the Mayor's opinion they ought to have suffered death from the yellow fever upon the spot together with about a hundred more as I think sufficient in my judgment but the Mayor thinks not less than five hundred that the county of Richmond has ceased to be in a state of insurrection and the soger folks had better go home

BY THE GOVERNOR.
Dogberry, Mayor.

MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR.

Gentlemen of the Board:

I learn from undoubted authority that it will not do to be deceived by any lull of excitement upon Sepoy Island. The wild and reckless barbarians who burned the ships lying at Quarantine, and have defied the laws which ordained that not less than twenty of them should die every year of imported pestilence—which all law-abiding citizens will grant was a very moderate discount upon the population—are not yet satisfied with atrocity, nor gorged with crime. I have good reason to believe that these savages intend to set fire to the bay and harbor of New York, and the consequences of such a fiendish effort I leave to the descriptive power of the gifted editor of the *Times*, and the eloquent scorn of the counsel of the Superintendent of Police. Our duty, gentlemen, is plain. The people of Sepoy Island are an important portion of the inhabitants of the city of New York, and I have lately been inclined to consider that, as a member of the Board of Health, I was possibly bound to take as much care of one department of the population as another. Do I need to say that since I have become aware of the nefarious intention I have detailed, my opinions have undergone an entire change? I should be unworthy the chief magistracy of this great city if I did not punish some of the citizens for the offenses of others. I therefore recommend that measures be immediately taken to introduce small-pox into the Fifteenth Ward, dysentery into the Seventeenth, and bilious fever into all the Wards above the Twentieth, in order that the inhabitants of the city who live upon Sepoy Island may be taught that they are not ruthlessly to kindle the waters of our beloved bay, and ravage our beautiful river with wasting conflagration even unto Tubby Hook.

DOGBERRY, *Mayor.*

P.S.—Captain M—— is quite of my opinion.

SEPOY ISLAND.

DEAR LOUNGER,—The gallant Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Regiment and a half, are not to be outdone by the equally gallant eighth of a regiment who have been down here protecting our trembling hearth-stones, and securing to our arms the fond partners of our bosoms. I read the following upon a paper that had wrapped up a hundred gross of pill-boxes brought out of Camp Washington empty, last evening:

"CAMP WASHINGTON, SEPOY ISLAND.

"*Messrs. Assa Fetida & Co., Druggists:*

"GENTLEMEN,—The officers and soldiers of the Army of Occupation beg to express their thanks to you for the hundred carboys of essence of peppermint which you so generously sent for their use. They have found it very serviceable in removing pains in the stomach; and taken dropped upon sugar, with contemporaneous friction upon the parts affected by means of red flannel, it has had the most admirable effect in warming the bowels of the Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Regiment and a half, now constituting the Army of Occupation.

"With our kindest regards to Mrs. Fetida,
"We are, respectfully,
"Your gallant friends,
"THE OFFICERS AND PRIVATES."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A lovely young Sepoy, who had been watching with delight the evening parade of the eighth of a regiment, which has been lately actively engaged in repressing the insurrection, was heard to ask his parent as they turned away, when the army turned in for the night, "Mother, have the eighth of a regiment any enemies?" At that moment his father, a merchant down town, and one of the most celebrated Sepoys, came up in his carriage, and taking his wife and son, drove away to carry carnage and desolation into the heart of the island. How little the innocent child knew that his question was answered by the appearance of his father!

If what another correspondent states to the Lounger be authentic, it would seem that the Army of Occupation has no knowledge of the Governor's proclamation of recall. Thus:

PROPOSALS

for supplying the Army of Occupation at Camp Washington will be received until further notice. There will be required:

Five hundred hogsheads of super Quinine;
Five hundred gallons of Castor-Oil;
Twenty tons of Ipecac Powder;
Ten tons of Calomel;
Fifty thousand Blue Pills;
A sloop load of Epsom Salts;
Rhubarb—Senna—Mrs. Kidder's Cordial—Elixir Pro—Spanish Flies for blisters—Leeches—Syringes—Trusses—Lint—Court Plaister—Squills—Bread Poultices and Old Rags in any quantity;

also,

Five thousand gallons daily of Hot Water for the feet, at 90° Farenheit—*warranted, however, not to have been heated by a burning hospital;*

also,

Ten thousand yards best Red Flannel for rubbing sinking stomachs;
Five hundred Feather Beds—Foot-Stoves—Warming-Pans—Bottles for heating the feet—Crutches—List-Slippers—Air-Cushions—and India-Rubber Shoes.

Apply (properly fumigated)
to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding
(between his shakes).

CAMP WASHINGTON, SEPOY ISLAND.

A lawless person asserts that he has seen an early copy of the dispatch of the Colonel commanding the late lamented army in service upon Sepoy Island to the Commander-in-Chief:

HEAD-QUARTERS,
EIGHTH OF A REGIMENT.]

To the Commander-in-Chief:

SIR,—I have the honor to report the present state of the corps under my command, recently returned from active service.

Killed: none.
Wounded: none.
Missing: the whole.

Yours respectfully,
LEO, *Colonel.*

NOTICE TO SEPOYS.

The Lounger, while he is properly grateful to his friends who have furnished him with the foregoing interesting intelligence, must beg to say to them that he can not be expected to countenance* any scoffing at dignities. He ventures to remind the Sepoy Islanders that laws must be obeyed. What on earth were they made for? Is there in history any instance of a law which ought to have been disobeyed? Is there any example of any people deliberately executing the law themselves, without being themselves executed by the law, and justly? Had the rebellious Washington and his confederates, Adams, Franklin, Jay, Hamilton, Greene, and the rest, been successful in their revolt, we might now have been dwelling in the outer darkness of a republic instead of enjoying the mild sway of her gracious Majesty and the advantages of the national debt. Let us see what we have escaped, and be thankful. A republic is only a pretty name for a guillotine. Remember, then, that under no circumstances will a law-respecting people remedy their own grievances. It is a great deal better, in the interest of good order, that the Sepoy Islanders should lose—say thirty of their number every year without making a face, than that the ships of Messrs. South, Street, & Co. should anchor in the lower bay. What are the lives of mere Sepoys compared with the higher charges on sugar?

The Lounger recommends to the Islanders not to forget these things—to put out all their fires and go to bed at nine o'clock—and not to disturb the Army of Occupation.

"MR. LOUNGER,—You speak of the late Quarantine removal as a revolutionary act. That such an act may and must be justified under certain circumstances—that men have original rights to which they not only will, but ought to, appeal, under extreme circumstances, may be very true; but you are aware that the quiet and conservative Sepoys do not place this question upon that ground.

"With them the case is this: The State can create no nuisance; but the State may order something which, by the operation of ulterior causes, may become a nuisance, and the State may expressly provide that should it become such, it shall be subject to the common law of nuisance.

"This the State did in the act of 1799, by which the Quarantine was established on its present site. Consequently the matter became cognizable and removable as a nuisance by the proper authorities and in the legal manner. The learned counsel of Superintendent Tallmadge eloquently scorns to take the slightest notice of this all-important fact, which is probably also not visible from South Street—and legal gentlemen at a greater distance still, are not even aware that there is such a fact to be seen.

"It is strictly a legal question, and as such will be determined by the Courts.

"Your obedient servant, LEX."

HOYT'S POEMS.

IT is only paying a debt long and long due when the Lounger heartily and earnestly commends the little volume of poems by Rev. Ralph Hoyt, just now published for the purpose of helping him erect the Church of the Good Shepherd, which was destroyed by the tornado last June.

Long and long ago, in some newspaper now forgotten, the Lounger read out aloud to listening Pinewoods the tender, delicate, beautiful poems, "Old," "Snow," "New," and "The World-sale." The simple pathos, the natural sweetness, the hearty sympathy with our own aspects of nature, and the tender humanity, were borne in upon memory by the fond repeating refrain so that the music and the meaning were alike and gratefully remembered.

Long ago, too, on a soft summer Sunday morning, the Lounger threaded his way across the city, and in an upper room near the East River, heard a sermon from the poet, whose very name he had learned, as a boy, to love, and pleased himself by finding in the grave and kindly preacher the thoughtful and sympathetic singer.

How gladly, therefore, now he pays the double debt, as he only can pay it, by telling his friends, far and near, of the little volume and of its worthy purpose—of poems which many a famous poet would not disown, and of a purpose which every good man must approve. "For all we, like sheep, have gone astray;" and it is not the least sweet association with the poet that he is the pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

The volume is dedicated to a scholar whose approbation is praise, Evert A. Duyckinck, and is published by Stanford & Co.

THE "AUSTRIA."

THE horror of the late catastrophe can not be described. It is impossible to read the simple stories of the survivors without tears. The tale seems to have been told a hundred times before, so constant and so terrible are the accidents at sea, and yet every time it seems more tragical. The melancholy truth is, that, despite all modern art and the progress of science and civilization, the sea is as savage as ever, and is the only great element that has not been subdued by man. We sound it, and map it, and lay wires along its abysses, and hurry over it by steam more and more rapidly than ever before; but we can not hasten so fast as the wind—we can not fly beyond fire; and although the calamity which two continents now deplore was one that the sea did not occasion, yet it is the sea that gives it all its horror.

A fire at sea now is just as fearful as it would have been two thousand years ago. The only difference to the victim is that he would be destroyed in a large ship with a steam apparatus and veneered panelings in his state-room. The sailors who feared to embark with Columbus in his little shell of a caravel had no more reason for their fear than any passenger who takes a berth in any sea-going ship for any port. And society seems to have made up its mind that the dangers are not to be avoided—that a voyage must be like a race of boys over bending ice, in which the speed diminishes, but does not destroy, the chance of a fatal termination.

Accidents are fewer, Mr. Buckle tells us; human life is longer than it used to be. But it is not upon the sea that such a computation is made, and until we have reduced the terrible list of railway disasters upon land, it is too early to hope for any safety upon the water.

In the present case there seems to have been an instantaneous panic, paralyzing both the ship's company and the passengers. The few of the latter who tried to do something for the common safety were overborne by the general terror and the rapidity of the flames. Even a man in the steerage who had intelligence enough to know that water only feeds the fire of burning tar could have done nothing against the universal conviction that water must, under all circumstances, extinguish fire. In the absence of any general knowledge of that fact, and of the ability to make one's self heard in the tumult, the result was apparently inevitable.

And yet—that is the worst of it—every body knows that the chances of an equally fatal accident upon every steamer that sails are not reduced by the tragedy of the *Austria*.

THE FALL FASHIONS.

THE fall fashions in music are to consist of Piccolomini and Johanna Wagner; and in both cases we can not complain that they are either old fashions or discarded. In fact, since Jenny Lind, although there have been better singers in London, there has been no Prima Donna who has excited so much attention and enthusiasm. That she is a Princess by birth is half the battle. That she is a scion of the famous old Italian family, the name of which occurs in the history of popes and cardinals, has been quite enough for John Bull, who loves an undoubted duke, and kisses the feet of a genuine royalty.

That it will be enough for Jonathan, who shall dare to say? He is apt to be put off with the second table in the matter of nobility, and forced to eat his toads cold. Still we may have hopes of Piccolomini. She is not only noble, but she is young, and pretty, and fascinating. Dublin (the Lounger does not use the word as Norwich might have been used in speaking of Jenny Lind, signifying a bishop) has lately been enraptured with the lovely warbler. Young Dublin drew her home in her carriage, serenaded her, and was flattered by a speech from the coy singer. Then are there not stories of principalities and powers laid at her feet by coroneted owners, whom she gently turned aside with the exquisite point of her adorable slipper, and moved smiling on to conquer new realms, hearts, and dollars?

Fortunately the manager is not compelled to announce that she has youth, genius, and beauty. All the world knows her story: that she is a dear little willful Italian lady, who would sing, and would enchant all hearers, and would be the divinity and the toast of Young Italy and of Young England. Nor will Young America resist her. In the "Figlia" and "La Traviata" she will captivate and agonize the tender heart of that estimable portion of our fellow-citizens. She will be cheered, applauded, bouquetted, and be overwhelmed with graceful confusion. No old birds here. No worn voices freshly praised. No singer arbitrarily labeled irresistible. But irresistible by divine right; by the right of blooming and accomplished maidenhood.

Let the manager (no other than our excellent Napoleon Ullman) count out carriage hire from his bill of costs. The stalwart arms, the muscular legs, the long wind of Young New York shall make horses superfluous for Piccolomini.

Johanna Wagner is a German of great fame, and unquestionably of great lyric power. But she failed in her negotiations—that is, Papa Wagner failed—in London, so that she comes to us unstamped in that mint. Yet no singer gains a name like hers without great merits. We shall be able to determine what they are. Of course, if she succeeds with us, London will insist upon having her at any price. We always like what London does, and London uniformly returns the compliment. Ditto Boston.

When the present tremendous battle between the managers is fought out, the curtain will rise upon new managers, new scenes, and new singers. Viva Piccolomini! Viva Wagner!

Who dares those vivas to displace
Must meet the Lounger face to face.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

THE Lounger has no right to poach upon the manors of his neighbors, especially when the manner is so satisfactory and charming as that of his friend who presides over the Literary columns of the *Weekly*. But a Lounger is by nature lawless (except in cases of South Street law, which he recommends should, under all circumstances, prevail, especially when destructive of the lives of innocent citizens). It is his business to look into all places, and talk with all people, and receive letters from every body, and answer every body's questions about every subject.

He must, therefore, say what a jolly, rattling, vivid, humorous, and shrewd volume is that of Mr. Sala's, which has been collected from *Household Words* and republished by Ticknor & Co. It describes a journey to Russia and a residence there, sketching people, and places, and customs with a lively grace that whirls the reader along delighted. Mr. Sala is one of the most copious and most entertaining of the corps of writers which Dickens has enlisted for his periodical. His style is affected both by Dickens and Thackeray; but he has quite enough talent of his own not to be spoiled by a foreign flavor. His book is heartily amusing and genially instructive.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MY LOVELY, LIVELONG LOUNGER,—I am afflicted with a sort of mental defect in this wise: After reading half a dozen newspapers, and finding half a dozen good things in them, I could not tell which paper was deserving its respective credit. Then, again, I am abominably puzzled at times to name the author of some familiar hymn; and it was only yesterday that I made a blunder, and ascribed 'The Last Rose of Summer' to Byron.

"Sometimes one finds a rich gem floating in the sea of literature, and if he fails to grasp it at the time it is lost forever. Something like twenty odd years ago I saw a little thing that took my fancy for the time, and to save my life I could not find it since. It ran thus:

"'Down in Podunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots,
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All 'round the lots,
Lived the prettiest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beach lever,
Voice like a fife.'

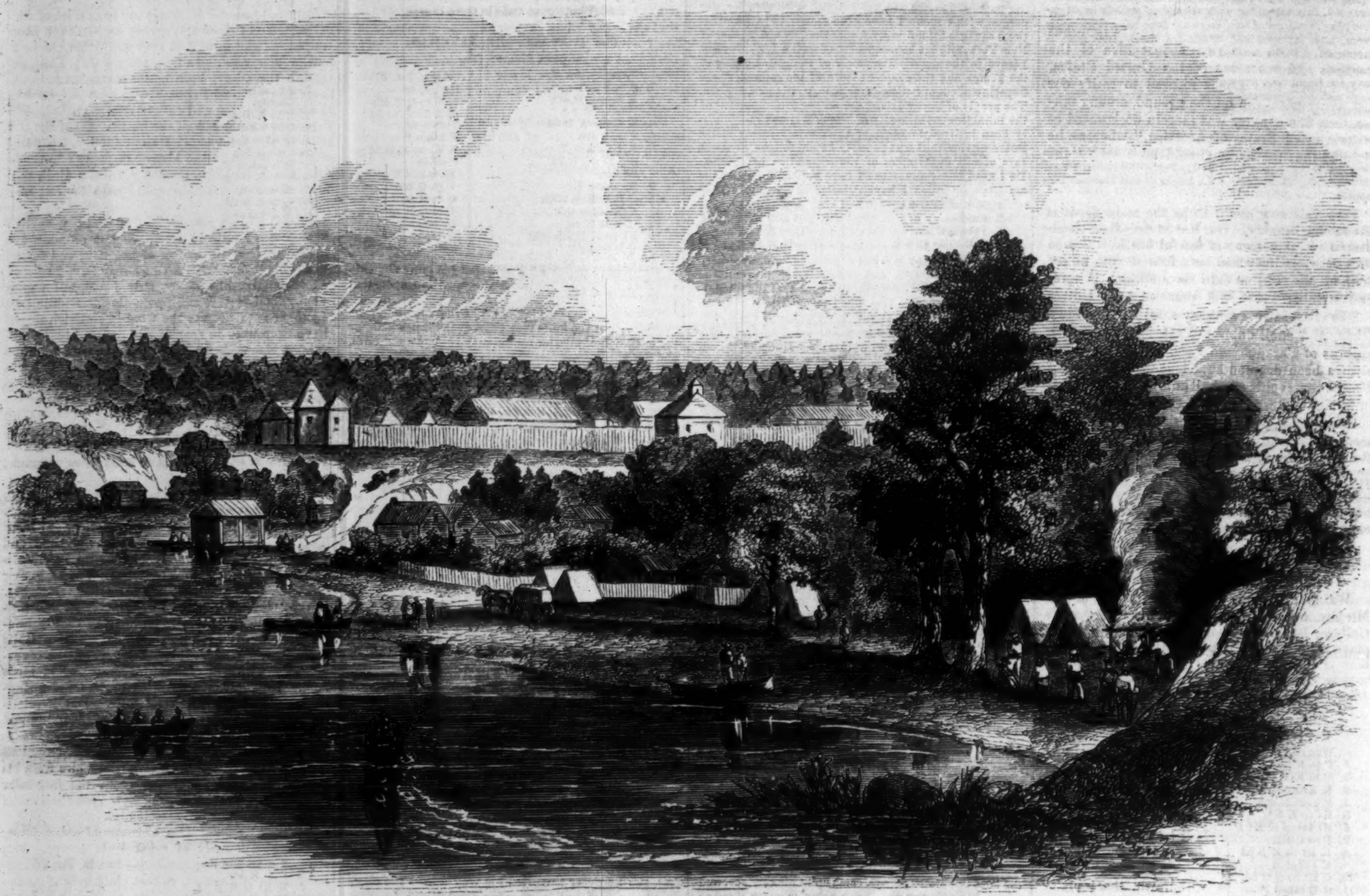
"Now, Mr. Lounger, will you do me the favor to ask your book-worms to help me out of my present annoying fix, by informing me where I can find the other stanzas of this delectable morsel? Yours, JOB.

"CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Sept.*, 1858."

Which of the Lounger's friends will be "Job's" comforter, and tell him the remaining stanzas? Does it occur to any reader that there may be no others, and that this note is a dark and deadly satire? Let us hope that none are so morbid as to believe it.

---

* For the meaning of this term, apply to Rufus W. Peckham, Esq., Attorney for the State.



FORT LANGLEY, FRAZER'S RIVER.

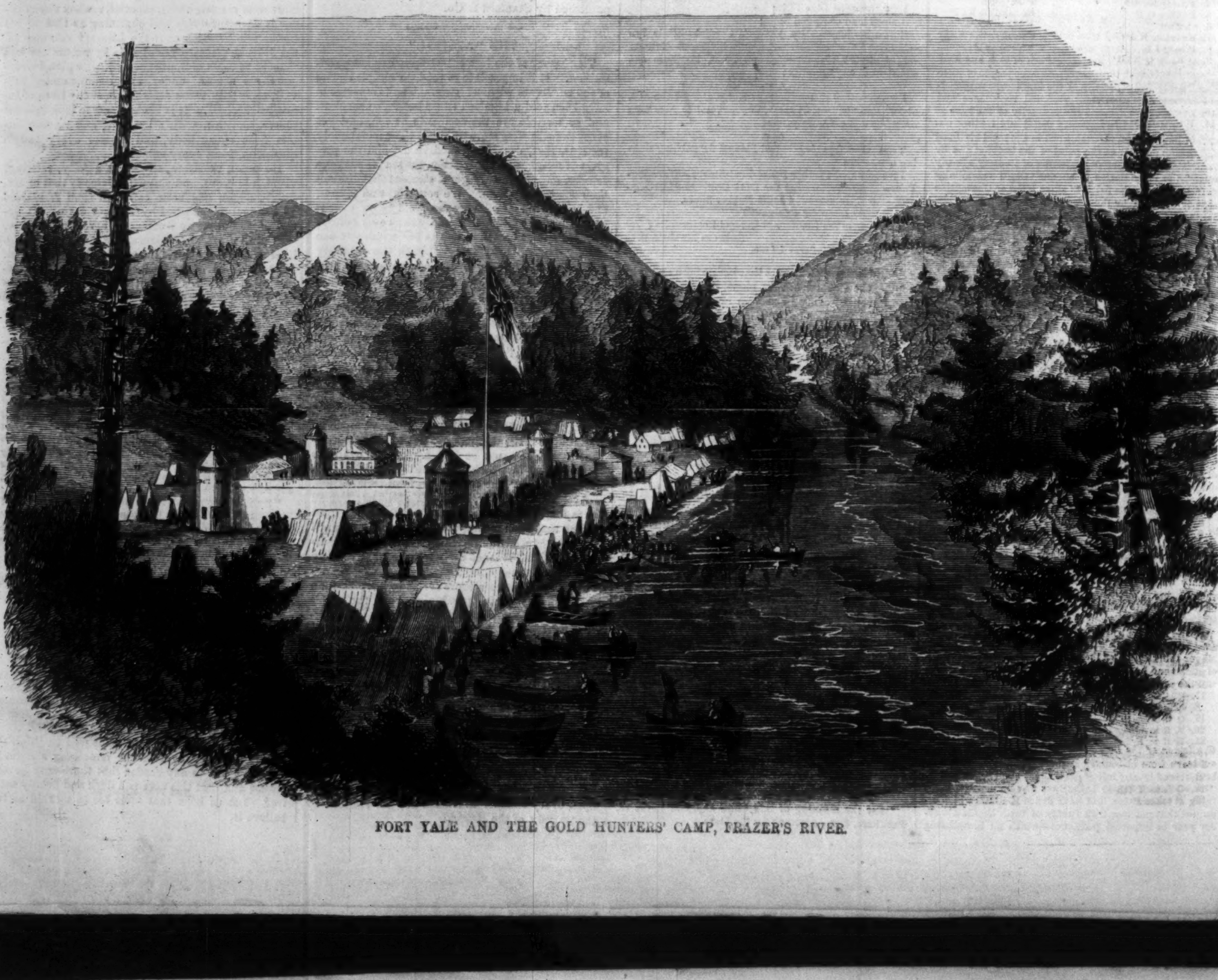
THE FORTS ON FRAZER'S RIVER.

We give herewith reliable pictures of Forts Langley and Yale, Frazer's River, made from sketches taken on the spot. The recent gold discoveries and the rush of miners have imparted interest to the spot. Many of the poor fellows who have gone a gold-hunting in the Frazer's River country, and who are paying the penalty of their unwise haste, are now at this place. The editor of the *Alta California*, who has just returned from Frazer's River, thus describes life at Fort Langley:

"At six o'clock in the morning the massive bolts and bars are unlocked from the entrances to the stockade which surrounds the buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the English, Scotch, Irish, half-breeds, dogs, pigs, and chickens, begin to make their appearance in and around the establishment. At a later hour in the morning the door of the sales-room is opened, in the loft next to the northeastward of the chief trader's residence, and the business of the day begins. The door is scarcely opened when the small space allotted to customers inside the building is filled with people, and from that moment trade is unceasing, and a continuous stream of coin flows into the till of the Company until noon, when a bell rings, and business ceases at once. Everybody leaves the store-house, the doors are closed, and all hands go to dinner. At the end of an hour business is resumed again, and the same dull and monotonous routine is gone through with until six P.M., when again trade is brought to a dead halt, the crowd disperses, and the business portion of the day is ended. Inside this trading warehouse there is a look of venerable antiquity that it would be difficult to match in any other portion of the world to-day. The scales used for weighing out the wet goods are the old style balances, with ponderous upright and beam, and capacious trays for the reception of merchandise, suspended from the one end, and one for the weights from the other. Every thing else about the establishment is in keeping with this, and business is transacted exactly as it used to be in the quaint old towns of the thriving Knickerbockers and early tradespeople of staid New England.

"A bottle of whisky, or 'Hudson's Bay lightning,' as it is not inappropriately called, when sold to a purchaser, is first carefully corked, then a string tied around the neck, and a loop formed so that it may be conveniently suspended from the finger, then a piece of paper is carefully wrapped around it, and the customer receives possession of his property. Such is the mode of conducting business, and, if I mistake not, it is to such customs that Young America applies the expressive title of 'old fogyism.'

"Most of those now in the employ of the Company at



FORT YALE AND THE GOLD HUNTERS' CAMP, FRAZER'S RIVER.

Fort Langley are men who have occupied the same position for a long period, ranging from ten to thirty years. Time, whisky, the rough and secluded life which they have led, intermingling with aboriginal society in all the everyday relations of life, have all done their work upon them, and fattened and developed the animal part of their natures to the decided detriment of their intellectual functions. There are, to be sure, some exceptions, but they are found only among those whose official positions have naturally prevented them from falling into the demoralizing and debasing habits of the *employés*, who seem only to live for the purpose of obeying the behests of their superiors in all things, filling up the Sundays, and other idle intervals, by getting drunk on the Hudson's Bay lightning aforesaid. Body, soul, and existence of these people, all are part of the assets of this monster monopoly."

Fort Yale now seems to be the main dépôt of the mining country. Our last advices from thence describe it as a scene of fearful bustle. Companies of armed men had been formed there to proceed up the river to fight the Indians. A correspondent, writing on 19th August, says:

> "The river is going down again, having fallen five or six inches since yesterday morning. Temporary frame buildings are going up in all directions. Lots have been laid out by squatters, and in many instances have been sold at various prices. Gambling-houses—of which there are five here—are in full blast, night and day; and the number of houses where liquor is sold is about nine out of every ten.
>
> "A meeting was held yesterday afternoon to effect some means of making a good mule-trail from here to the upper cañon, as it is reported that some 100 mules are now there, having arrived from Thompson River *via* Frazer. I do not doubt but that in a few weeks pack-trains will be leaving here daily for the Forks, which will render it an easy task for the miners to reach the upper country."

MR. MORPHY IN EUROPE.

We give on this page an engraving of Mr. Morphy, as he appeared in the rooms of Queen's College, Birmingham, on 27th August, when he played eight games, blindfold, against eight members of the British Chess Association. And we subjoin Mr. Staunton's report (published in the *Illustrated London News*) of the eight games.

FIRST BOARD.—LORD LYTTELTON.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

	WHITE,* *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Lord L.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	P to K B 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to K Kt 4th
4.	P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th
5.	Kt to K 5th	P to Q 3d
6.	Kt takes K Kt P	K B to K 2d
7.	P to Q 4th	B takes K R P (ch)
8.	K Kt to K B 2d	B takes Kt (ch)
9.	K takes B	K Kt to K B 3d
10.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q to K 2d
11.	Q B takes P	Kt takes P (ch)
12.	Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
13.	K B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	K to B sq

(To avoid the threatened loss of his Queen by K R to K sq etc.)

14.	Q B to K R 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
15.	K R to K R (5th)	

(Very prettily played.)

15.		B to K B 4th
16.	Q to Q 2d	B to K Kt 3d
17.	Q R to K sq	

and Black resigned.

* To say the White men were played by Mr. Morphy means no more than that, as his opponent used the dark ones, it was presumed he mentally adopted the opposite color.

SECOND BOARD.—THE REV. GEORGE SALMON.

(Evans' Gambit.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. S.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to K B 3d
3.	K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
4.	P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q 4th
5.	P takes Q P	Kt takes Q Kt P
6.	Castles	K Kt to K 2d
7.	Kt takes K P	Castles
8.	P to Q 4th	K B to Q 3d
9.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q B to K B 4th
10.	K B to Q Kt 3d	

(In these games Mr. Morphy overlooks nothing: the moment an enemy makes an attack the correct defense follows, as if every thing had been foreseen and provided for.)

10.		P to Q R 4th
11.	P to Q R 3d	P to Q R 5th
12.	Q Kt takes Q R P	Q Kt takes Q P
13.	P to Q B 4th	Q R takes Kt
14.	P takes Kt	

(He plainly saw that by taking the Rook he would be subjected to loss by—14. Kt to Q B 6th; 15. Kt to K 7th (ch); and 16. Kt takes Q P etc.)

14.		Q R to Q R 4th
15.	Q to K B 3d	Q B to K Kt 3d
16.	K R to K sq	K B to Q Kt 5th
17.	K R to K 2d	Kt to K B 4th
18.	Q B to Q Kt 2d	Q to Q R sq
19.	P to K Kt 3d	Q to Q R 2d
20.	Kt takes B	K R P takes Kt
21.	K R to K 5th	B takes Q R P

(Better to have taken the Q's Pawn with Kt.)

22.	P to Q 6th	B to Q Kt 5th
23.	K R takes R	B takes R
24.	Q to Q 5th	P to Q Kt 3d

(From this point, owing to an error on the part of the transcriber, the record of the game is no longer intelligible, which is to be regretted, as, upon the whole, it was perhaps the best-contested *partie* of the series, and excited more interest than any other. It was carried on after this for about twenty moves on each side, and was finally won, amidst general applause, by Mr. Morphy.)

THIRD BOARD.—MR. AVERY.

(Sicilian Opening.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. A.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
4.	Kt takes P	P to K 3d
5.	Q B to K 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
6.	K B to Q 3d	P to Q 4th
7.	Kt takes Q Kt	P takes Kt
8.	P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2d
9.	P to K B 4th	Q B to Q R 3d
10.	Castles	

(Much better than taking the Bishop, because that would have enabled Black, after he had checked with his Queen and regained the piece, to impede White's castling.)

10.		B takes B
11.	Q takes B	B to Q B 4th
12.	Kt to Q 2d	B takes B (ch)
13.	Q takes B	Q to Q Kt 3d

(This game of exchanging off all the pieces is rather favorable to the unseeing player.)

14.	Q R to K sq	Castles on K's side
15.	P to Q Kt 3d	P to K B 3d
16.	P takes P	K R takes P
17.	P to K Kt 3d	Q R to K B sq
18.	K to Kt 2d	Q takes Q
19.	Q R takes Q	P to K Kt 3d
20.	K R to K sq	P to K 4th
21.	K R to K 2d	

(Foreseeing that, by taking the proffered pawn, he must have lost a piece.)

21.		P takes P
22.	Q R to K 7th	Q R to K B 2d
23.	P takes P	K R takes P
24.	Q R to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d
25.	Q R to Q B 8th	K R to K B 3d
26.	Q R to Q B 7th	Kt to K B sq
27.	K R to K 7th	Q R takes R
28.	R takes R (ch)	R to K B 2d
29.	R to K 8th	Kt to Q 2d
30.	Kt to K B 3d	R to K B sq
31.	R to K 7th (ch)	R to B 2d
32.	R to K 8th	R to K B sq
33.	R to K 7th (ch)	R to K B 2d

And the game was abandoned as a drawn battle.

FOURTH BOARD.—MR. KIPPING.

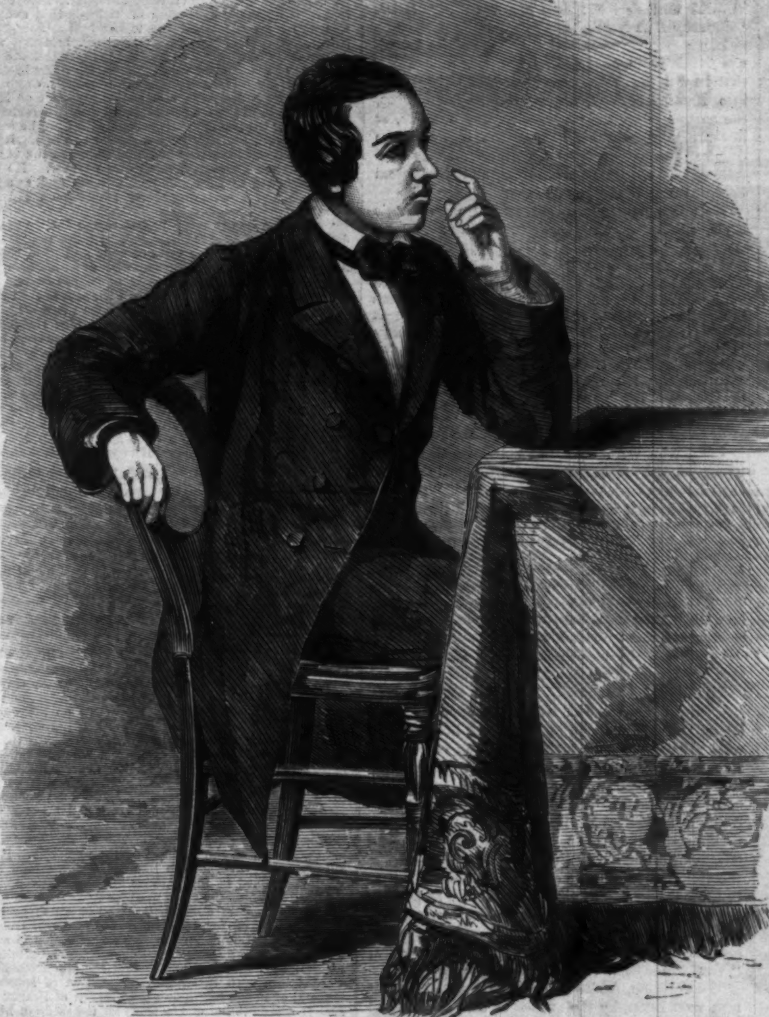
(Scotch Gambit.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. K.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
3.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
4.	K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
5.	Castles	P to Q 3d
6.	P to Q B 3d	Q to K B 3d
7.	Q B to K Kt 5th	Q to K Kt 3d
8.	P takes P	Q Kt takes P
9.	Kt takes Kt	Q takes B
10.	P to K B 4th	Q to K Kt 3d
11.	K to R sq	Kt to K R 3d
12.	P to K R 3d	

(Throughout the whole of this prodigious exploit the present move was the only instance in which Mr. Morphy was guilty of a miscalculation; and in this case the error is not at all obvious even to a player who has board and men before him.)

12.		Q B takes K R P
13.	P takes B	Q takes K P (ch)
14.	Q to K B 3d	Q takes K Kt
15.	K R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2d
16.	Kt to Q R 3d	B takes Kt
17.	B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3d
18.	P takes B	

(All this is very ingenious; but the loss of pawns and exposure of his King entailed by the slip at move 12 are not to be recovered; and he very soon appears to have made up his mind to abandon this game, and direct his attention to the others.)



MR. PAUL MORPHY IN THE ACT OF PLAYING EIGHT GAMES OF CHESS, WITHOUT SEEING ANY OF THE BOARDS.

18.		K R to K sq
19.	Q R to Q B sq	P to Q 4th
20.	Q to Q Kt 3d	K to Q B 2d
21.	B to Q 3d	K R to K 6th
22.	R takes R	Q takes R
23.	R to Q Kt sq	Q takes K R P (ch)
24.	K to K Kt sq	P to Q Kt 3d
25.	R to K sq	Q to K Kt 6th (ch)
26.	K to B sq	Q takes P (ch)
27.	K to Kt 2d	Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
28.	K to B sq	Kt to Kt 5th
29.	R to K 2d	Kt to K 6th (ch)

And White resigned.

FIFTH BOARD.—MR. RHODES.

(Kings' Gambit declined.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. R.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	P to K B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
4.	P takes P	P to Q 4th
5.	P takes P	Q takes P
6.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q to her sq
7.	Q Kt to K 4th	B to Q Kt 3d
8.	P to Q B 3d	Q B to K Kt 5th
9.	P to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
10.	Kt to K B 2d	Q Kt takes K P

(This capture was made in the expectation, perhaps, that White would take with the Q's Pawn, in which case Black, of course, must have gained a piece in return.)

11.	Q to K 2d	Q B takes Kt
12.	P takes B	Q takes K B P
13.	Q takes Kt (ch)	K to B sq
14.	K B to K 2d	Q to Q B 3d
15.	K R to K Kt sq	P to K B 3d
16.	Q to K Kt 3d	P to K Kt 3d
17.	Q B to K 3d	Q R to K sq
18.	K to Q 2d	K Kt to K 2d
19.	K B to Q 3d	Q to Q 2d
20.	Kt to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 4th
21.	Q R to K sq	Kt takes B
22.	R takes Kt	Q to K B 2d
23.	Kt takes K B P	R takes R
24.	Q takes R	Q takes Q R P
25.	Q to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d

And White gave mate in three moves.

SIXTH BOARD.—DR. FREEMAN.

(King's Bishop's Game.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Dr. F.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
3.	P to Q Kt 4th	K B to Q Kt 3d
4.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to Q 3d
5.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
6.	K Kt takes P	K Kt to K B 3d
7.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	Castles
8.	Castles	Kt takes K P
9.	Kt takes Kt	P to Q 4th
10.	Q B to K Kt 5th	Q to K sq
11.	K B takes Q P	P to Q B 3d
12.	K R to K sq	Q to Q 2d
13.	Kt to K B 6th (ch)	P takes Kt
14.	Q B takes P	Q to Q 3d

(Had he taken the Bishop with Queen or Pawn, White would have won instantly by playing R to K 5th.)

15.	Kt to K 6th	

(Beautifully played.)

15.		Q B takes Kt
16.	Q to K R 5th	K B takes P (ch)
17.	K to R sq	Q to K B 5th
18.	R takes Q B	Kt to Q 2d
19.	Q B to Q Kt 2d	B to Q 5th
20.	P to K Kt 3d	Kt to K B 3d
21.	P takes Q	Kt takes Q
22.	B takes B	Kt takes K B P
23.	Q R to K Kt sq (ch)	Kt to K Kt 3d
24.	Q R takes Kt (ch)	K R P takes R
25.	R takes P (ch)	K to K R 2d
26.	R to K Kt 7th (ch)	K to R 3d
27.	K B to K 4th (ch)	P to K B 4th
28.	K B to Q 3d	P to Q Kt 3d
29.	R to K Kt 3d	K R to K B 2d
30.	Q B to K 5th	Q R to K sq
31.	Q B to K B 4th (ch)	K to R 2d
32.	R to K Kt 5th	Q R to K 8th (ch)
33.	K to Kt 2d	K R to K Kt 2d
34.	K B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
35.	P to K R 4th	R takes R (ch)
36.	Q B takes R	R to K sq
37.	K to B 3d	And Black struck his colors.

SEVENTH BOARD.—MR. CARR.

(Irregular Opening.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. C.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K R 3d

(This *bizarre* defense was adopted, we presume, with the notion that it would embarrass the blindfold performer, but it only tended to facilitate his victory by enabling him to bring his forces more rapidly to the attack.)

2.	P to Q 4th	P to Q R 4th
3.	K B to Q 3d	P to Q Kt 3d
4.	K Kt to K 2d	P to K 3d
5.	Castles	Q B to Q R 3d
6.	P to Q B 4th	K Kt to K B 3d
7.	P to K 5th	K Kt to K R 2d
8.	P to K B 4th	K B to K 2d
9.	K Kt to K Kt 3d	P to Q 4th
10.	Q to K Kt 4th	Castles
11.	K Kt to K R 5th	P to K Kt 4th

(What a deplorable game Black has now got by the vain attempt to perplex his adversary in the opening!)

12.	P takes K Kt P	K R P takes P
13.	B takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
14.	Kt to K B 6th	Q P takes P
15.	K B to Q B 2d	Q takes P (ch)
16.	Q takes Q	K B to Q B 4th
17.	Q takes B	P takes Q
18.	Q B takes K Kt P	Kt to Q B 3d
19.	R to K B 3d	K to Kt 2d
20.	B to K R 6th (ch)	K takes B
21.	R to K R 3d (ch)	K to Kt 4th
22.	R to K R 5th (ch)	K to K B 5th
23.	K to B 2d	And Black surrendered.

EIGHTH BOARD.—MR. WILLS.

(Sicilian Opening.)

	WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. W.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2.	K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
3.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
4.	K Kt takes P	P to K 3d
5.	Q B to K 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
6.	K B to Q 3d	P to K 4th
7.	Kt takes Q Kt	Q Kt P takes Kt
8.	Castles	P to Q 3d
9.	P to K B 4th	P takes P
10.	Q B takes K B P	K B to K 2d
11.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q R to Q Kt sq
12.	P to K 5th	P takes P
13.	Q B takes P	Q R to Q Kt 5th
14.	Q to K B 3d	Q to Q Kt 3d (ch)
15.	K to R sq	Q B to K Kt 5th
16.	Q to K B 2d	Q takes Q
17.	K R takes Q	K B to Q B 4th
18.	K R to K B sq	K B to K 2d
19.	P to Q R 3d	Q R to Q Kt 2d
20.	Q Kt to K 4th	Q B to Q 2d
21.	Kt takes Kt (ch)	P takes Kt
22.	Q B takes P	B takes B
23.	K R takes B	Q R takes Q Kt P
24.	Q R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3d
25.	B to K B 5th	K to K 2d
26.	K R to K R 6th	K R to Q Kt sq
27.	B takes B	Q R to Q Kt 8th
28.	Q R to K Kt sq	P takes B
29.	R takes K R P (ch)	K to Q 3d
30.	R takes Q R P	R takes R (ch)
31.	K takes R	R to Q Kt 8th (ch)
32.	K to K B 2d	R to Q Kt 7th
33.	P to K R 4th	R takes Q B P (ch)
34.	K to K B 3d	K to K 4th
35.	P to K R 5th	K to K B 4th
36.	P to K R 6th	R to Q 7th
37.	P to K R 7th	And Black cried "Enough!"

Mr. Staunton adds:

> "This was one of the last games finished, Mr. Morphy at the end having won six, drawn one, and lost one, of the eight played. And thus terminated a performance which may fairly be pronounced unparalleled; because, although we have lately recorded a similar one wherein more games were played simultaneously blindfold by Mr. Paulsen, it must be remembered that in that instance the contest extended over three or four sittings, and Mr. Paulsen was enabled, if he chose, and needed the assistance, to refresh his memory by consulting the chess-board during the intervals, while the games before us were all played out at once, Mr. Morphy never quitting the room from the first move to the last. What adds to the wonder is the fact that he rarely paused a minute to consider any move; and when, as was once or twice the case, a wrong one was announced to him—such as *K's* Kt so and so, instead of *Q's* Kt—he instantly corrected it, quietly observing, 'The *K's* Kt can not go to the square indicated; you mean, of course, *Q's* Kt. My answer is,' etc."

We are also happy to be able to give, from the same source, two of Mr. Morphy's games with Mr. Löwenthal, one of which he won, the other being won by his antagonist:

MORPHY AND LOWENTHAL—FIRST GAME.

(Petroff's Defense.)

	WHITE, *Mr. L.*	BLACK, *Mr. M.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	K Kt to K B 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
3.	Kt takes P	P to Q 3d
4.	Kt to K B 3d	Kt takes P
5.	P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
6.	K B to Q 3d	K B to K 2d
7.	Castles.	Q Kt to Q B 3d
8.	R to K sq	P to K B 4th
9.	P to Q B 4th	B to K 3d
10.	P takes P	B takes P
11.	Kt to Q B 3d	Kt takes Kt
12.	P takes Kt	Castles
13.	Q B to K B 4th	B to Q 3d
14.	B takes B	Q takes B
15.	Kt to K 5th	Q R to K sq
16.	P to Q B 4th	

(P to K B 4th appears to be more to the purpose.)

16.		B to K 3d
17.	Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
18.	B to K B sq	B to K B 2d
19.	Q to Q 2d	R takes R
20.	R takes R	R to Q sq
21.	Q to Q R 5th	Q takes Q P
22.	Q takes Q B P	Q to Q Kt 3d
23.	Q to K B 4th	

(He should now have played R to K 7th with much the better game; but Mr. Lowenthal can never be relied on.)

23.		P to K Kt 3d
24.	P to K R 3d	Q to Q Kt 7th
25.	Q to Q B 7th	Q to Q Kt 3d
26.	R to K 7th	R to Q 8th
27.	Q to Q B 8th (ch)	R to Q sq
28.	Q to Q B 7th	R to Q 8th

(Symptomatic of a wish to draw the game.)

29.	Q to K 5th	Q to Q Kt 8th
30.	Q to K 2d	K to K B sq
31.	R to K 5th	P to K B 5th
32.	P to K B 3d	Q to Q B 8th
33.	P to K R 4th	P to K R 3d
34.	P to Q B 5th	K to Kt 2d
35.	R to K 4th	Q takes P (ch)
36.	K to R 2d	Q to Q B 8th
37.	K to Kt sq	R to Q 7th
38.	Q to Q R 6th	R takes Q R P
39.	Q to Q 3d	R to Q 7th
40.	Q to Q R 6th	R to Q 8th

(From this point winning for Black is almost a certainty; it is merely a question of time.)

41.	P to K Kt 3d	P takes P
42.	K to Kt 2d	Q to Q B 4th
43.	K takes P	Q to K Kt 8th (ch)
44.	B to Kt 2d	R to Q 7th
45.	Q to K B sq	Q takes Q
46.	B takes Q	K to B 3d
47.	B to Q B 4th	B takes B
48.	R takes B	R to Q 3d
49.	K to K B 4th	R to K 3d
50.	R to Q 4th	K to K 2d
51.	R to Q R 4th	K to Q 3d
52.	R takes R P	P to Q B 4th
53.	R to Q R sq	P to Q B 5th
54.	P to K R 5th	P takes P
55.	K to B 5th	R to K 6th
56.	K to B 4th	R to K sq
57.	R to R 6th (ch)	K to Q 4th
58.	R takes P	P to Q B 6th
59.	R takes P (ch)	K to Q 5th
60.	R to K R 7th	R to Q B sq
61.	R to Q 7th (ch)	K to Q B 5th
62.	K to K 3d	R to K sq (ch)
63.	K to B 2d	

(Had he moved K to B 4th it would have been difficult for Black to win.)

63.		P to Q B 7th
64.	R to Q B 7th (ch)	K to Q 6th
65.	R to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 6th
66.	R to Q B 7th (ch)	K to Q 7th
67.	R to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 8th
68.	R to Q Kt 7th	R to K 4th
69.	P to B 4th	R to K 5th
70.	K to B 3d	R to Q B 5th
71.	R to K R 7th	K to Q 7th
72.	R to K R sq	P queens
73.	R takes Q	R takes R
74.	K to K 4th	R to K 8th (ch)
75.	K to Q 4th	K to K 7th
76.	P to B 5th	K to B 6th
77.	K to Q 5th	K to B 5th
78.	P to B 6th	K to Kt 4th
79.	P to B 7th	R to K B 8th

And White resigns.

SECOND GAME.

(Sicilian Opening.)

	WHITE, *Mr. L.*	BLACK, *Mr. M.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to K 3d
4.	Kt takes P.	Q Kt to Q B 3d
5.	Kt to Q Kt 5th	P to Q R 3d
6.	Kt to Q 6th (ch)	B takes Kt
7.	Q takes B	Q to K 2d
8.	Q to K Kt 3d	

(If Mr. Lowenthal's original talent for chess were equal to his acquired, he might, perhaps, aspire to occupy a place in the first rank of living players, but—with all the advantage of incessant practice, a life, in fact, devoted to the game, and more knowledge of what can be learned by books of the openings and end-games than one player in ten thousand possesses—he will never, we fear, in any sustained struggle with a powerful and practiced player, do more than snatch a stray game. He has not a particle of self-reliance. If, through his great practical and theoretical familiarity with every debut, he can at the outset acquire a superiority, as in the present instance, he will sometimes, through that advantage, score the game; but, if his spring fail, he rarely or never recovers himself.)

8.		Kt to K B 3d
9.	Kt to Q B 3d	P to Q 4th
10.	P to K 5th	K Kt to R 4th
11.	Q to K B 3d	P to K Kt 3d
12.	P to K Kt 4th	

(This is well played, and insures the gain of a piece.)

12.		Q Kt takes K P

(Had he retreated the attacked Knight to K Kt 2d, White replied with Q to K B 6th and Q B to K R 6th.)

13.	Q to K 2d	Q Kt takes Kt P
14.	Q takes Kt	P to K 4th
15.	Q to Q R 4th (ch)	B to Q 2d
16.	Q to Q Kt 3d	P to Q 5th
17.	Q takes Q Kt P	Castles
18.	Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 3d
19.	K B to Kt 2d	P to K 5th
20.	P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th
21.	Q to Kt 4th	Q to K 4th
22.	Q to K 7th	B to K 3d
23.	Q to Q B 7th	Q to K Kt 2d
24.	Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
25.	Kt to Q Kt 6th	Q R to Q Kt sq
26.	P to Q B 5th	Kt to K R 4th
27.	P to Q Kt 4th	K to B 2d
28.	Castles	P to K Kt 4th
29.	K R to Q sq	K R to Q sq
30.	Q B takes Kt P	K R to K Kt sq
31.	P to K R 4th	R to K Kt 3d

(After Mr. Morphy had made this move Mr. Lowenthal solicited an adjournment, to which his opponent immediately assented.)

32.	R takes Q P	Q R to K Kt sq
33.	Kt to Q 7th	R takes B
34.	P takes R	R takes P
35.	K to R 2d	Kt to K B 5th
36.	B to K B sq	

And very shortly Mr. Morphy surrendered.

The following was, we believe, the first preliminary battle between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Harwitz:

(Allgaier Gambit.)

	WHITE, *Mr. H.*	BLACK, *Mr. M.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	P to K B 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to K Kt 4th
4.	P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th
5.	K Kt to K 5th	K Kt to K B 3d
6.	K B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th
7.	P takes P.	K B to Q 3d
8.	P to Q 4th	K Kt to K R 4th
9.	K B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3d
10.	P takes P	Castles
11.	P takes P	Q B takes P
12.	Q takes K Kt P (ch)	K Kt to Kt 2d
13.	Q B takes P	Q to Q Kt 3d
14.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	B takes K Kt
15.	B takes B	P to K B 3d
16.	Q B to K Kt 3d	Kt to Q R 3d
17.	Castles (on K's side)	Q R to Q sq
18.	Q R to Q sq	K to R sq
19.	B takes Q Kt	B takes B
20.	K R to K sq	Q B to his sq
21.	Q to K B 3d	B to Q Kt 2d
22.	Q to Q 3d	Q R to Q 2d
23.	Q to Q Kt 5th	Q to her sq
24.	P to Q 5th	Kt to K B 4th
25.	B to K B 2d	K R to K Kt sq
26.	Q to her 3d	Q R to K Kt 2d

(The attack obtained, though tremendous in appearance, hardly warrants such a sacrifice as this.)

27.	Q takes Kt	R takes P (ch)
28.	K to B sq	B to Q R 3d (ch)
29.	Kt to K 2d	Q to Q 3d
30.	Q R to Q 3d	B takes R
31.	P takes B	Q R to K R 7th
32.	Kt to K B 4th	Q R to K R 8th (ch)
33.	K to K 2d	Q R to K R 7th
34.	Kt to K 6th	K R to K Kt 3d
35.	R to Q B sq	Q to Q Kt sq
36.	P to Q Kt 3d	K R to K Kt 7th
37.	Q takes K B P (ch)	K to Kt sq
38.	K to K 3d	R to K R 6th (ch)

(Curiously enough, he has nothing better to do: he can not take the Bishop on account of the threatened mate; and the check with his Queen at her Kt 3d, or of the Rook at K Kt 6th, is equally unavailing.)

39.	K to K 2d	R takes B (ch)
40.	Q takes R	R to K R 7th
41.	R to K Kt sq (ch)	K to R sq
42.	R to K Kt 2d	Q to K 4th (ch)
43.	K to B 3d	Q takes Q P (ch)
44.	K to Kt 3d	R takes R (ch)
45.	Q takes R	Q takes Kt
46.	Q to Q R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d
47.	Q takes Q R P (ch), and wins.	

LITERARY.

THE fact has long been known to the public that Mr. Charles Lanman was engaged in preparing for the press a "Biographical Dictionary of the American Congress." A work so truly national and useful in its character has long been needed, and we are glad to know that the author has been eminently successful in obtaining the information he desired. He has not only toiled laboriously in the leading libraries of the country, but has traveled many thousand miles for the purpose of obtaining facts. His work is now in the hands of the printer, and as some of our readers, who have been in Congress, or who may have had friends there, may not have corresponded with Mr. Lanman, it affords us pleasure, for their benefit, to copy the subjoined circular to ex-Members of Congress, which we understand will be the last that can be issued:

"GEORGETOWN, D. C., *September* 23, 1858.

"SIR,—I have nearly ready for publication a 'Biographical Dictionary of the American Congress, from the foundation of the Government.' With a view of placing you correctly on the record, in regard to dates, I should be pleased to have you favor me with information respecting your birth-place, the date of your birth, the nature of your education, your profession or occupation, and the public positions you have held. Your immediate attention to my request will be appreciated by me, and result to your own advantage. While I apply to you through a circular, I wish you to remember that any information you may communicate will be kept strictly confidential.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES LANMAN,

"Author of the 'Private Life of Daniel Webster,' 'Adventures in the Wilds of America,' etc."

Ticknor & Fields publish one of the most readable books of the season. We allude to Sala's JOURNEY DUE NORTH. The author is a young Englishman, who seems to have a considerable amount of the American in his constitution. He travels *con amore*. He is not to be put out by trifles, and not to be frightened by obstacles. He has a full stock of the Crockett characteristic which has been called go-ahead-ativeness, and, leaving England for St. Petersburg, he goes to St. Petersburg, at a time, and by ways and means that any one else could imitate, and yet in the face of difficulties which would have driven almost any one else away. Mr. Sala traveled alone, but he traveled first-class, and he met the usual companions of first-class travel on the Continent—"a prince, a fool, and an Englishman." Dashing off rapid sketches of these worthies as he goes along, he arrives at Berlin, and is there kept waiting some weeks for the ice to move from the Baltic, which happening, he proceeds to Cronstadt by steamer. The Russian police suffer a very amusing sketching at his hands. No traveler can fail to enjoy the humorous custom-house experience he gives us. Safe in St. Petersburg, the book, which is rather curiously entitled, is devoted to a description of Russian manners, customs, and things in general. Doubtless this is the best extant description of Russian life and people, as it is the most amusing and piquant. The author says he has not been in New England, but he has either been in America, or has so closely studied Americanisms, that he has adopted and used them more freely than any other Englishman. He uses also too much English slang; and any one who has supposed an English writer incapable of slang phrases will derive new ideas from Mr. Sala's "Journey Due North."

In passing, we remark that he says of the American Minister in 1856 (Mr. Seymour, of course), that he was the first person who dared to introduce into Russian society, among the higher classes, the custom of wearing a beard. The Monjiks, or lower classes, wearing beards, the higher ranks despise it heartily. But the American was soon followed by the English minister, and the custom became familiar to the Russians.

Here is a passage that illustrates our author's style of thinking, chatting, and writing:

"I wish the Germans wouldn't call Brunswick Braunschweig; it destroys the illusion. I can't think of the illustrious house that has given a dynasty to the British throne as the House of Braunschweig. It is cacophonous in sound as would be the house of Physic-bottles instead of the House of Medici, but our Teuton friends seem to have a genius for uglifying high-sounding names. They call Elsinore (Hamlet's Elsinore) Helsingborg; Vienna, Wein; Munich, Munchen; Cologne, Koln; and the Crimea, Krim. Can there be any thing noble, proper to a famous battle-field where the bones of heroes lie whitening, in the word Krim?"

Boys who were boys in Scotch families some twenty or thirty years ago, have the memory very clear in their minds of a certain book of "Sunday reading" known as "The Evangelical Rambler," and will welcome their old favorite, as now published by Carter & Brothers, under the title of THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON. This collection of narratives is eminently rich and delightful, possessing all those characteristics of pathos, feeling, truth, and heartiness which belong to stories of English and Scotch life. We have no doubt the book will be welcome to many families who love the old ways of the orthodox Church.

THE JULIA is a novel, published by Carter & Brothers, the heroine of which is taken from the lowest possible position in New York life, and becomes, by a not unnatural succession of circumstances, an actress of great renown. The hero, son of a bluff captain who commands his own brig, is a boy of good principles, who is brought under religious influences by the company of missionaries making the voyage on his father's vessel. The effect of this boy's after-life on the life of the actress; the yielding, first of the one, and then of the other, to the opposing attractions which their respective lives offer, this is the back-bone, so to speak, of the book, and upon this a skillful and interesting story is made to hang. The author's former work, "Vara," has been very popular.

We welcome, from Carter & Brothers, A LIGHT FOR THE LINE, by the author of that capital and delightful book, "English Hearts and English Hands." It is only necessary to name the author to explain what the book must be.

Rev. John Todd, D.D., has written many of the most popular books for children extant. Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co. (Northampton) publish a little book, being the second series of his LECTURES TO CHILDREN, which will find many ready purchasers among the little ones and their friends.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM UTAH.

WE have advices from Great Salt Lake City down to the 4th ult. Governor Cumming had returned to the city after a pleasure excursion of a couple of days to Cottonwood kanyon with some of the *élite* of Mormondom. General Grant and a man named Williams were tried and convicted of a breach of the peace. They were both found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of court. Breaches of the peace are becoming quite common in the streets of the holy city. Trouble is anticipated with the Indians. The mail of the 17th of August had been destroyed by them, and the carriers barely escaped with their lives. Colonel Harbin had been obliged to call upon General Johnston for an escort of soldiers to protect the herds of cattle he was driving to California. The Indians have declared their intention to rob every mail, and to stampede the stock of every emigrant train that attempts to cross to California. Colonel Lunder had arrived in Salt Lake City. He reported that the wagon-road under his superintendence was progressing rapidly, and would be completed before the mountain snows set in. Brigham Young is still at Salt Lake City, but closely confines himself in-doors. Business was reviving at Salt Lake, and traders were coming in with their goods. Snow fell on the 5th ult. at Platte Bridge, about one hundred and fifty miles above Fort Laramie.

THE WILL OF THE RICHEST MAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The will of the late Ebenezer Francis is by law provable in Norfolk County, where the deceased had his domicile. His tax in Roxbury last year was $11,400. By the terms of the will about $117,500 are given to the descendants of two sisters, and there are sundry other legacies of $25,000 or $30,000 more. A trust fund of $100,000 is created for the payment of certain annuities—the surplus income of each year, after the payment of the annuities, to be added to the principal, and after the death of the annuitants, the principal is to be disposed of like the residue of the estate.

"The two daughters have direct bequests of $200,000 each, and the houses they now occupy. A bequest and devise to his grandson, E. Francis Thayer, and the interest of that grandson in the residue of the estate are rendered void by his death without issue before the testator. The remainder of the estate is devised to five trustees—the income is payable to each daughter during life. At the death of each daughter the income of her share is payable to her children during the trust. After the death of both daughters, the income for five years is devisible equally among all the grandchildren, and at the end of the five years the whole property is to be divided among the grandchildren, and the issue of any deceased grandchild.

"The executors of the will are Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Robert M. Mason (the sons-in-law), and Samuel W. Sweet, President of the National Insurance Company. The trustees are Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Robert M. Mason, Samuel W. Sweet, Israel Whitney, of Boston, and Joel Parker, of Cambridge. The estate is estimated at about $3,500,000."

A ROMANTIC STORY.

We read in the Cincinnati *Gazette:* "That wives will forget their marriage vows and run away, is every day exemplified; but husbands will not always follow over land and sea in search of vagrant crinoline. A case which came up in Justice's Court yesterday, however, sets an example for loving husbands that has no parallel on record; and, but for the criminal reality connected with it, would throw the latest romance into obscurity.

"It appears that the elder brother of a family residing in Naples, Italy, married a wife considerably his junior, and she became the 'old man's darling.' Like Melnotte, he'd 'have no friends that were not lovers,' and with pride he pointed to his pretty wife, and made her his idol, his temple of devotion, morning and evening. In an evil hour a younger brother, Michael Angelo Gitto, looked with loving eyes upon his sister-in-law, and she was won from her allegiance to her lord. The guilty pair made their escape to this country, bringing with them a little daughter, and leaving the husband and two little boys in their deserted Italian home. The brother-lover and his fair companion came to this city some months ago, and opened a confectionery store on Main Street. In time the husband learned their whereabouts, and, taking his two motherless boys with him, he sailed for Cincinnati, arriving here a day or two ago. He at once sought out the guilty pair, and implored the wife to return to her allegiance, but to no purpose. He was rudely spurned by both wife and brother; and, as a last resort, he had them arrested for adultery on Tuesday morning.

"The case was to come up before the Justice yesterday, but mutual friends interfered. Unlike the 'Misanthrope,' who feared the jeers of boys and girls, should they see him with his runaway wife upon his arm, the elder Gitto, with tears coursing down his cheeks, besought her on his knees to return with him to the sunny clime of Italy, and make his home once more a heaven of domestic peace. The scene was affecting; the picture being rendered complete by the pleading looks and tears of the little boys, who had accompanied the father in his long and tedious journey. There was a choice between the penalty for adultery and a husband's arms. The wife hesitated, the husband pleaded, friends counseled obedience, and all combined at length prevailed. She consented to return to Italy with her husband. The guilty brother agreed to pay the costs and lawyer's fees, the husband took his runaway wife upon his arm, and his children by the hand, and left the court-room so overjoyed with his recovered treasure that he actually kissed the hands of a friend who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about a consummation of his happiness under such peculiar circumstances.

"There is sufficient romance in this 'plain, unvarnished tale' to form the basis of a novel. A man who would follow a runaway wife from Italy, and then beg of her on his knees to accept his proffered forgiveness, can not be a bad husband, and deserves a better wife."

A BRITISH POLICEMAN TRAPPED BY NEW YORK SWINDLERS.

The *Herald* has the following: "Charles Brew, whose miraculous escape from the wreck of the steamship *Austria* was chronicled a few days ago, fell into the clutches of a couple of emigrant swindlers on Saturday, and was defrauded out of $250. Mr. Brew was on his way to Frazer River, *via* San Francisco, and being anxious to purchase a ticket for the California steamer of the 5th inst., took a walk toward West Street, when he ran afoul of two harpies keeping an office in Liberty Street, who induced him to buy a bogus ticket, for which he paid them $250. The fraud was soon afterward detected, when Mr. Brew went to the Mayor's office and made a complaint against the emigrant swindlers, who, finding themselves in a tight corner, disgorged the money, and apologized to the complainant for their conduct. It is a little singular that a man like Mr. Brew should have been victimized in the manner already described, considering he holds the office of Inspector of Police under the government of Great Britain. For many years he held the post of Inspector of Police at Cork, Ireland; and during the Crimean war he was appointed to an office in the commissariat department, where he conducted himself with so much ability that the Government rewarded him with the important position of Inspector-General of Police in the new gold region at Frazer River. It was while he was *en route* for the scene of his future labors that he was thus taken in and pretty nearly done for by a couple of New York emigrant runners. No wonder that men of ordinary intelligence and sagacity should be victimized by these rascals, when such a man as Mr. Brew should be drawn into the net. Why are these swindlers allowed to exist in our midst? Can nothing be done to relieve us of their loathsome presence? Will Superintendent Tallmadge never root them out?"

VIRGINIA DARE.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Miss Lander's statuette of Virginia Dare, which arrived in ship *Malabar* with Crawford's statue of James Otis, is unpacked, and can be seen for the remainder of this week at the room of the artist, Savings' Bank building, next the Museum. This beautiful work of art, which is in Italian marble of rare delicacy in color and texture, is about three feet and a half high, and represents Virginia Dare—the first white person born on the American continent—as she looked when standing on the shores of the great lakes, with the surging sound of the waves in her ears, and vague memories of her childhood's far-off home in her heart. She stands on the sandy beach, her fine head erect, and her folded hands resting upon the fishing-net which is gracefully drawn around her for drapery. Indian ornaments are on her arms and neck, and a beach-bird, the pet and companion of the young Indian maidens, is by her side. This statue *en petite* is full of originality and sentiment, and we hope ere long to see it reproduced the size of life."

EXPLOSION OF AN ANVIL.

The Chicago *Times* learns that in Lodi, a small village in Kane county, an election was held on Friday last, on the question of incorporating their town; that the opposition to the corporation carried the day, and were so elated thereat that they procured an old anvil, charged it with gunpowder and fired it with great glee, thus celebrating their victory. While a crowd of people was close about the anvil, it burst, with a tremendous report, one piece striking Dr. William Kennedy, the only surgeon in the place, and breaking his leg. A fragment of iron, weighing about ten pounds, struck a white oak post about six inches in diameter, and cut it short off as effectively as if hit by a twelve-pound cannon ball. Another piece, weighing six or eight pounds, hit George Brooks, a young man, the oldest son of L. Brooks, of Lodi, and inflicted a wound which is evidently mortal—the hip bone being smashed to pieces. The father of the wounded man carried his son home, but fainted on beholding the extent of his injuries.

PERSONAL.

A letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, dated at Aix, September 11, says:

"My life is devoted to my health. I wish that I could say that I am not still an invalid; but, except when attacked by the pain in my chest, I am now comfortable, and enjoy my baths, my walks, and the repose and incognito which I find here.

"I begin the day with *douches*, hot and cold, and when thoroughly exhausted, am wrapped in shee and blanket and conveyed to my hotel and laid on my bed. After my walk I find myself obliged again to take to my bed, for two hours before dinner. But this whole treatment is in pleasant contrast with the protracted sufferings from fire which made my summer a torment. And yet I fear that I must return again to that treatment.

"It is with a pang unspeakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life and in the duties of my position. This is harder to bear than the fire. I do not hear of friends engaged in active service—like Trumbull in Illinois—without a feeling of envy."

Crawford's fine statue of James Otis is safely placed on its pedestal in Mount Auburn Cemetery. The Boston *Transcript* describes it as graceful and majestic. The height is about seven feet. The costume is appropriate to the time in which his public services were called forth, nearly a century ago. A cloak is thrown over the shoulders, enveloping the left arm, by which it is retained. The right hand holds a pen and a manuscript.

Ex-President Comonfort, of Mexico, is in Massachusetts. He visited the encampment of the First Division on Friday, the day of the review by Governor Banks.

Captain Townsend, the slaver captain whose *Echo* was taken away from him, gets a "first-rate notice" in the Boston *Post:*

"Captain Townsend is far from looking the hardened villain one would naturally suppose him to be from his connection with this case. On the contrary, his personal appearance is such that Sylvanus Cobb, or any other 'blood and thunder' writer, could readily describe, in some silly story, in such glowing colors as to make a score of silly women 'fall in love' with him. He appeared in Court dressed in the 'latest style,' and with 'each particular hair' on his head in its proper place. He has a lengthy beard and a mustache of a very fine texture, and his features are prepossessing; his hands were incased in pink-colored kids, and he occasionally busied himself in taking notes of the testimony; he seemed at times a little nervous. At the conclusion of the testimony he spoke with two or three of the officers of the *Dolphin*, requesting them to call on him, and stating his hours for the 'reception' of visitors."

President Benson writes from Liberia that the prospects of that colony as a cotton-producing region are improving rapidly.

A private letter from Mohammed Pacha, received at Washington, expresses the delight of that personage at his recent visit here. No disappointment about the vessel is expressed. Neither before his departure nor since his return has been expressed the expectation that the American Government was "to have made a contract for a 74 for the Sultan."

The Donaldsonville (Louisiana) *Vigilant* notices an "affair of honor" which took place a few days ago, the parties being Mr. D'Artlys, of the Ascension *Flag*, and Mr. Edrington, of the *Young America*. The weapons were rifles; distance, twenty paces. Two shots were exchanged without injury, when the seconds interposed and effected an amicable adjustment of the quarrel.

There is a large disturbance in the military line in the little State of Rhode Island, arising from a conflict of jurisdiction between two major-generals, Green and Gould, each of whom claims command.

The Charleston, South Carolina, papers announce the death of the venerable Rev. Reuben Post, of that city. Dr. Post was a native of Vermont, in which State he graduated in 1814, and subsequently proceeded to a theological course at Princeton, New Jersey. He received ordination in July, 1819, and at the same time installation as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, in which charge he continued until February, 1836, when he accepted a call to Charleston, where he has ever since resided.

The lion killer, Jules Gerard, in a letter descriptive of a campaign against a monstrous lion, states that in the Algerian subdivision, Bona, there are at present no less than sixty of these ferocious beasts, who have destroyed in one year ten thousand head of cattle. In his hunting excursions, Gerard now makes use of the Devisne bullet, which explodes in the body of the animal.

Joshua R. Giddings is mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for the Governor of Ohio at the election to be held next year. Governor Chase will, probably, be returned to the United States Senate at the close of his present term. The Portage *Democrat* and several other Republican journals avow their determination to press Mr. Giddings as the man to succeed Governor Chase.

Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, thus speaks of his antagonist, Mr. Pryne: "Mr. Pryne is staying at the same hotel I do—the American. He is a small, heavy-built man, about thirty-six years of age, and wears a ruffian-like pair of whiskers. He is not a pretty speaker, by any means, and has rather a feeble voice, which he strains very much in speaking. His gestures are awkward, rapid, and violent, and are alike in season and out of season, agreeing exactly with the applause of the negroes and white ruffians who clap for him. He is a man of only moderate talents, and ordinary learning. He is bitter, unscrupulous, and unmitigated in his abuse of the South, and is familiar with the slang dictionary of Abolitionism. He has been in my room frequently, but I have never been to his. He is a kind of man who will board in the upper story of a hotel, and do without gaslight where board is *cheap*. He makes the acquaintance of free negroes, and low-down Abolitionists, with great facility; and I as often see him in conversation with negroes as white men. Gerrit Smith, who is worth two millions, is said to have a *bill of sale* of the man, and, I presume, defrays his expenses while he labors in the 'cause of human liberty.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

IS THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH A FAILURE?

THE Valentia correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following interesting history of the cable since it was laid:

"From the time of landing the end, on the 5th of August, to Monday, the 9th, the cable continued in fair condition, though a slight defect of no consequence in working was observed in the insulation. Up to that evening nothing but alternate positive and negative currents had been received from Newfoundland, though words and adjustment messages had from soon after the landing been continually sent from Valentia. That evening, however, coil currents came with the words "send slower and repeat" from Newfoundland, being sent by Mr. Whitehouse's instruments, and received upon his beautifully constructed recording relay.

"During the whole of the week, from Monday, the 9th, to Saturday, the 14th, various adjustment messages were received and sent through the line, though, in consequence of their constantly requiring messages from Valentia to be repeated several times, it was evident that in Newfoundland the signals were not read with the same facility as those in the contrary direction to Valentia. This circumstance tended to prove that the fault which was observable was somewhere near the Irish coast, for any defect more than three hundred miles from either coast would affect the transmission and reception of signals equally at both ends. Accordingly the cable was underrun for the distance of about three miles from Valentia Island by Mr. Canning, cut, and tested through by Mr. Bartholomew, the electrical superintendent, who found that whatever fault existed was far out to sea. The ends were accordingly joined up again, without a new piece of cable being laid between Dowlas Head and the shore.

"From this to Saturday, the 1st of August, the fault was very variable both in its nature and its apparent distance from the Irish coast, it first appearing something like 500 miles distant, and gradually diminishing until it became stationary at a point calculated with great accuracy to be nearly 270 statute miles from the Valentia end of the cable. All this period the electrical condition became daily worse and worse, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and by constant repetitions that the various official and congratulatory messages between the English and American authorities were transmitted to Newfoundland, the messages back to Valentia being in almost every case clear and distinct.

WHEN THE TELEGRAPH CEASED TO WORK.

"The condition of the wire became daily more faulty until the 31st of August, when a government message was dispatched through the cable for the North American colonies, and on the morning of the 1st of September a second government message was safely transmitted, but after it had been duly acknowledged, the insulation of the wire became suddenly worse, and it was found impossible to make them understand at Newfoundland. Words and messages were continually transmitted, but it was soon evident that on the American shore they could only just distinguish that signals were being sent, for the only answer received at Valentia was 'Repeat' and 'Don't understand,' and even these small phrases were only distinguishable at intervals; and since half past one o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 4th of September, no intelligible signal whatever has been received. Occasionally, however, very distinct reversals (as regularly alternating positive and negative currents are termed) have been received, sometimes so strong and good that had they been sending words from Newfoundland they might have been distinctly read on the reflecting galvanometer of Professor Thomson. When the line is not in use for the purposes of testing words, short messages are continually dispatched through the wire for an hour at a time, and then for the next hour the galvanometer is watched for the answers, which, excepting the reversals already alluded to, never come.

WHERE THE BREAK IS.

"From the time of the first cessation of the signals up to the present time Professor W. Thomson, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Edward Bright have been engaged day and night in testing, and have come to the conclusion that the defect is a loss of insulation about 270 miles (along the cable) from Valentia. This, calculating the amount of slack cable payed out during the later days of the submerging operations, would place the fault about 2[illegible]0 statute miles from shore, or somewhere upon the mountain range which divides the depths of the Atlantic from the comparatively shallow water leading from the Irish coast. Reference to logs and diaries kept by those on board the *Agamemnon* during the submerging operations show that this bank was crossed between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of August, more than an hour before the expected time. It had been intended by Sir Charles Bright to allow a great quantity of slack cable to run out while crossing this point, in order that it might reach the bottom of all the inequalities which might exist there undiscovered by the sounding line. But, from some unexplained cause, the *Agamemnon* throughout the whole cruise steamed at a greater speed than was registered by the log-line. Owing to this circumstance the bank was reached at least an hour before the expected time, the first intimation received by those on board being a sudden decrease in the registered strain upon the dynamometer and an equally sudden falling off in the speed of the cable, the ship maintaining the same rate as registered by the log-line. Sir Charles Bright's attention was called to the circumstance, and he, seeing at once that the shallow water was approaching, or had actually been reached, ordered the weight to be taken off the breaks, and allowed a large quantity of slack cable to go overboard. It must always remain a matter of doubt, however, whether the falling off of the strain on and speed of the cable was observable at all until the top of the bank had been reached, and had this been the case it is quite possible that the cable may have remained suspended upon some projecting points in the steep, and its insulation sooner become gradually injured by its own weight. This is, of course, only a probable conjecture, based upon the facts above stated. But at the same time it is impossible to account in any other way for the cable having become damaged since its submersion.

THE SUBMARINE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

"The steep range above alluded to is often mentioned as a sloping bank—upon what ground it is difficult to say; for but two soundings were taken upon it—one at the bottom and another at the top—and these two soundings, though only eight miles apart, show a difference in elevation of 7200 feet. Of the nature of the intervening space no one can, of course, form any conjecture. Whether the sides of this submarine mountain (for it can be called nothing else) are broken by ravines and precipitous cliffs, in the same way as the sides of the mountains on land are, nothing but a close and careful series of soundings can ever determine. That such a series of soundings were not made by Commander Dayman at the point in question, when he sounded across the Atlantic from the *Cyclops*, was, we believe, due to the prevalence of bad weather at the time.

THE PROSPECT FOR THE FUTURE.

"It is perfectly conclusive, according to the experiment of Professor Thomson and Mr. Varley, that the water has reached the conducting wire in at least one place not less than two hundred and twenty miles from the shore, and as the currents received from Newfoundland vary from one two-hundredth to only one nine-hundredth part of the strength they should be, it would be deceiving the public to state that the fault is other than of the most serious nature. But still it is believed possible by some, with more delicate instruments, and with proper concert at both ends of the line, to work through during some part of each day, provided the condition of the wire becomes no worse. Negative currents of electricity are now used as much as possible in the transmission of signals, for were positive currents used the exposed portion of the wire, by decomposing the salt water in contact with it, would be oxydized through in a very short time. Mr. Henley, who has been for some days experimenting upon the cable, is sanguine of making the line again serviceable, by the use of his powerful magneto-electric machines, which are now on their way from London.

"Mr. Lundy, one of the electrical assistants, proceeds to Newfoundland on Tuesday, by the *Prince Albert*, from Galway, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the wire at the other terminus, and also for the purpose of arranging a day on which a certain known code of signals are to be sent at concerted times from both ends, and to endeavor thus to re-establish intelligible communication. Even looking at matters in the worst light, and supposing the cable as far as practicable working goes a failure, not only has the practicability of submerging it been demonstrated, but also the practicability of working and signaling through it."

FATE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The London *Star* says: "It is already well known that the proprietors of the *Leviathan* or *Great Eastern* steamer have, for some time, been in difficulties so great as to prevent them from finishing the vessel. At length, however, an arrangement has been made which affords a prospect of this great national project being ultimately carried to a successful issue, though by other parties than the present proprietors. A company has been formed in the city to purchase and finish the vessel, and work her between London and America. This association is called the British and American Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It has been got up by a number of commercial gentlemen, one of whom is Mr. Hughes, the late superintendent of Messrs. Scott, Russell, & Co.'s yard, and, in fact, of the building of the *Leviathan* throughout. After a series of negotiations with the original company, arrangements have been made for the purchase of the vessel for £250,000, being less than one-third of the amount she had cost, viz., £800,000, and less than the material would fetch if the vessel were broken up, and sold by auction in 'lots.' The company has been registered under the Joint-Stock Companies Acts, 1856–57. The advertisements will appear in a day or two. The capital is fixed at £500,000, in shares of 10*s.* each, of which 2*s.* 6*d.* is to be paid on application, 2*s.* 6*d.* on allotment, and the remaining 5*s.* in installments, at intervals of two months. It is intended to finish the vessel between this and the spring, and if there is any time to spare, she will be used for the purpose of exhibition. It is then proposed to place her on the route between Liverpool and Portland, United States, the port to which the Canadian mails are at present carried, and thence by rail to Toronto, Ottowa, Quebec, and the other British settlements in North America."

VALUE OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE IN IRELAND.

A sale of goods and chattels of a rather novel description took place lately at the custom-house in Cork. The receiver of Droits of Admiralty put up to auction about 800 fathoms of the Atlantic telegraph cable, which was found about two months ago. There were two lots, each containing about 400 fathoms, which, after a tolerable share of competition, were purchased by the Receiver himself at 10*d.* per fathom. The balance of the proceeds, after deducting the Receiver's dues, will, doubtless, scarcely satisfy the demands of the salvors.

PROGRESS OF PUSEYISM.

The *Western Times* reports as follows: "In administering the Holy Communion on the first Sunday in August, at a fashionable watering-place near Exeter, the officiating clergyman allowed the clergy only to take the cup into their hands, firmly holding it in his own hands, while the laity drank of the sacramental wine. A mother and son communicated that morning side by side. The son was a clergyman, not of the High Church, and had the chalice placed in his hands; the mother had the cup held to her lips by the officiating minister, but none of the wine reached her. Another step toward Rome. It is expected that choristers in white surplices will soon form another grade in the same direction."

A CARDINAL IN THE LOCK-UP.

A singular adventure befell an Italian cardinal during the recent high ecclesiastical demonstration at Ballinasloe. The distinguished individual being introduced to a convent in that town, promised to call upon the sisters on the following morning and give them an early mass, before his departure by train for Dublin. But they are earlier birds, it seems, in Italy than on the west of the Shannon, for when the Monsignor presented himself at five o'clock, A.M., before the door, wrapped in a mantle, such as Jesuits wear, which covered both his quality and purpose from the external world, the whole town was locked in the arms of Morpheus. In vain did he knock and pull at the bell. The ladies were not yet out of their first sleep; and an old woman, who thrust one of her eyes out of the attic casement shut it down again with a bang, having first threatened to call "the poalus." Nor was her denunciation without its effect. A guardian of the night, baton in hand, came upon the disturber, and roughly demanded,

"What are you doing there?"

"As you see," replied his reverence. "I knock and ring;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took another strong pull at the knob, and performed a loud rassarara with the knocker.

"Oh! come, my good fellow," said Dogberry, "this is too much of a good thing; go home to your wife and tell her to take care of you."

"I am wedded here," said the Monsignor, with dignity, laying his open palm carelessly upon the sill—"wedded to this institution, and have no other wife in the world;" and again goes the knocker, rat-tat-tat tatterarararara ra!

"Is it married you say you are; and to the blessed ladies in this house?" cries the enraged preserver of the peace. "You b——y Souper! I'll tache you to keep a civil tongue in your head, I will!" And thereupon he seized a fell grip of Monsignor's collar, and drove him on before him, gasping, foaming, sputtering, and recalcitrating even to the door of the station-house, into which he pushed him with such a will that it was a mercy his reverence did not tumble headlong over a woman who was down on her knees washing the passage.

"The Cross of Christ be over us all!" exclaimed the startled woman, rising from the ground, and in a moment recognizing the Monsignor, whom she had seen on the previous day adumbrating the Cardinal. "What has his reverence been about? Was he larking?"

"I believe you," said the policeman. "But what are you talking about reverence? It's a big jumper he is, and nothing else."

An explanation quickly ensued, of which the result was, that the Monsignor, still "in a sultry chafe," walked forth disenthralled, emancipated, and free, leaving the penitent street-keeper on his marrow-bones.

ELECTRICITY USED IN DENTISTRY.

A correspondent of a contemporary says: "The application of electricity for producing anæsthesia in tooth-drawing is a recent discovery of Brother Jonathan's, and appears to be creating a considerable sensation on the other side of the Atlantic. Should it prove all that is said of it, it will indeed be a boon, and from my own experience I must confess it promises well. The letter of your Chester correspondent will probably induce a desire in many of your readers to try the experiment, but the *modus operandi* being omitted, it may not be readily understood in what manner the current is to be applied. The apparatus for the purpose is extremely simple, and consists principally of the common electro-magnetic machine used in medical electricity, a single cell, and a pair of plates constituting a Smee's battery, and a small electro-magnetic coil with a bundle of wires for graduating the strength of the current. One end of the thin wire conveying the secondary current is attached to the handle of the forceps, and the other end of it to a metallic handle to be placed in the hands of the patient. The instrument touching the tooth completes the circuit, and the current passes instantaneously. The wire attached to the forceps should be made to pass through an interrupting footboard, so that the continuity of the wire may be made or broken in an instant by a movement of the right foot of the operator. The advantage of this arrangement is that it allows the instrument to be placed in the mouth without risk of producing a shock in coming in contact with the lips, cheeks, or the tongue, which would interfere with the quiet of the patient. A hole drilled in the end of the left handle of the forceps and the end of the wire tapered to fit rather tightly allows the substitution of one pair of forceps for another with scarcely a moment's delay. The importance of this subject is so great that numbers will doubtless immediately have recourse to it, so that we may soon expect its real merits to be fully ascertained."

QUEER STORY BY AN INFURIATED BRITON.

A correspondent of the *Northern Whig* makes the following singular statements: "Having just arrived here from America, I consider it right to mention a circumstance which, I think, merits some attention from the British public. On the 10th of August last I took my passage on board the American ship ——, New York, Captain ——, master, bound for Liverpool. When a short time on board I discovered, no little to my surprise, and, indeed, much to the terror of several nervous passengers, that I was in company with a party of lunatics. This may astonish your readers, but it is quite true. As they entered the ship their ghastly visages, staring eyes, and unmeaning looks unmistakably indicated that the intellect was gone. There were about sixteen of them. It will naturally be asked if some Yankee asylum had disgorged its unhappy inmates. This, I understand, was literally the fact. These poor creatures, who, perhaps, long since emigrated to the blessed country of the Stars and Stripes, and had spent the vigor and strength of their days in enriching the bloated republic, have been at length sent home to remain a tax upon this country, or an insupportable burden on their unhappy relatives, although they contracted their frightful malady upon American soil. The passengers suffered much uneasiness and annoyance during the whole voyage, as these maniacs had no person to look after them, but were allowed to range through the ship both day and night, rummaging through the berths of passengers, as I supposed, in quest of food, and screaming and yelling in a most hideous manner. Of course, having no person to take charge of them, their persons were foul and filthy, and their actions disgusting in the extreme. It is a crying shame that these madmen and mad women were suffered to wander unguarded among the other passengers. If the United States is to return its lunatics to this country, it should charter a vessel specially for that purpose, and not mix them, unprotected, among sane people. It was a woeful sight to see these miserable wretches conveyed from the ship in a cart up the streets of Liverpool. My history of them ends here. During the passage acts too odious even to contemplate were committed among themselves and some of the seamen. Surely some inquiry ought to be made into this strange affair; for I can positively say a more horrible and a more disgraceful occurrence has seldom happened. The captain denied all knowledge of their being lunatics. Let this be so or not, he can, at all events, give some explanation of this mysterious business."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT BIARRITZ.

The *Morning Post* says: "It is really pleasing to see their Majesties walking quietly along through the crowd, stopping on the cliff to see the bathers in the Vieux Port or on the beach, near them many persons passing and repassing, and all this in such a quiet and tranquil manner that a stranger would little suspect that imperial majesties were at his elbow. The Emperor walks out each day, wearing a blue frock coat, and with but the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. Nothing to distinguish him as the ruler of this mighty nation is apparent; and although those near whom he is passing bow, the act is but one of common politeness, and his Majesty bows in return, and walks slowly along, almost unnoticed as it were. To say that the Empress does the same would not be strictly true. She can not walk along unnoticed; for her toilets are ever so tastily arranged, and her kind and gracious manner so attractive, that insensibly the crowd is drawn after her, and she is forced to bow and smile on all sides. The ladies walking about the cliffs never seem so happy as after they have bowed to her Majesty, and get in return a bow and smile equally as kind and gracious to one and all. Really there is a great charm about the Empress Eugénie."

LORD PALMERSTON'S LAST BON-MOT.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels has the following: "Lord Palmerston, during the last days of his residence at Paris, saw more than once Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Cowley, Lord Howden, Baron de Rothschild, and M. Thiers. M. Thiers came up from his retreat at Franconville, where he is completing the last two volumes of his *History of the Empire*, to see the ex-Minister. At one of their meetings at the Hotel Bristol, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was present, and, the conversation having turned on the state of Turkey, M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the 'sick man' was about to die? The English statesman replied, according to his custom, by pleasantry: 'I was one day walking in the streets of London,' said he, 'when a person told me that my pocket handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it. Thank you, Sir, I answered, but I believe that unless some one pulls it out it will not fall! Well, Turkey is in the same position; if she be not thrown down she will, I am convinced, maintain herself perfectly.'"

RECOVERY OF M. DE PENE.

M. Henri de Pène, the contributor to the Paris *Figaro*, who was so dangerously wounded by Lieutenant Hyènne in a duel near Marseilles about four months ago, has taken up the pen again, and writes a letter to the Brussels journal, *Le Nord*, from the baths of Nauheim, in Germany. M. de Pène states that he has completely recovered from his wounds, and is now restored to perfect health.

MORPHY'S RECEPTION IN PARIS.

A gentleman now in Paris writes as follows: "The greatest of living French sculptors, Lequesne, the pupil and successor of Pradier, has asked Morphy to sit to him for his bust in marble. Morphy gave him the first sitting yesterday. The bust will be exhibited at the Exposition des Beaux Arts. This is, I think, the highest honor Morphy has as yet received. But I can assure you they treat him here like a god. He dines with his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick on Sunday. The other night, at the Théâtre Français, half the audience stood up and looked at him—he perfectly unconscious until it was pointed out to him. Every body seeks introductions to him, and the old players of the time of Labourdonnais treat him with the greatest reverence."

THE MATRIMONIAL EPIDEMIC AMONG THE SOLDIERY.

The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen says: "A few days since Marshal Duke of Malakoff applied to the municipal authorities of Maromme for a copy of the register of his birth. His fellow-countrymen may conclude from this proceeding that the statement of his intended marriage is authentic." More military marriages are talked of. Marshal Canrobert is said to be about to marry the Duchess of Soto Mayor. The Empress takes much interest in the promotion of the match, and doubtless finds great amusement in mating the Paladins of France with the beauties of the Spanish Court. The contagion of matrimony, indeed, spreads among the military notorieties of France. Colonel Charras, who was arrested with Changarnier and Cavaignac on the memorable night of the 2d of December, being now in exile, is about to marry, at Bâle, the daughter of a wealthy Alsacian manufacturer, a Monsieur Kestner, who employs 4000 workmen, and will endow Madame Charras with a commensurate fortune.

DECAPITATION BY RAILWAY.

As the engine-driver of the last train from Sceaux was, a few evenings ago, bringing a number of passengers to Paris, he felt the locomotive pass over some resisting substance; and, on arriving at Bourg-la-Reine, mentioned the fact, and said, "I think we must have gone over a dog." On some of the men belonging to the station going back on the line, they found the head of a young girl, and, farther on, the body. It proved to be that of a servant in a family, who had placed herself intentionally across the line in order to meet with death, for having been blamed by her mistress for some fault which she had committed. The girl's father was a man employed on the line.

CONTEMPORANEOUS FRENCH LITERATURE.

A Paris letter says: "We are looking forward with a great deal of interest to the appearance of a new novel by M. Ernest Feydeau, the author of 'Fanny,' which, in a few months, has run through three editions—a successful career, which is of itself alone a loud condemnation of the corrupted state of this society.

"This popular novel turns altogether upon the tortures endured by the lover of an adulterous woman when he thinks upon and sees the husband's rights. Who on earth but a Frenchman could have thought of such a disgusting subject! Yet this book is said to be under every lady's pillow in France. M. Sainte Beuve praises it to the skies. M. Jules Janin has written a most eulogistic preface to the third edition! The title of the new novel is 'Daniel.' Did you read Madame Bovary when it appeared? It enjoyed and enjoys great popularity, and, like all French books of late date, turns upon illicit conversation. An adulterous woman is the heroine of it too; but it is interesting as being a mirror of provincial life which these people admit for faithful. The provinces are represented as gangrened as the capital.

"Nobody seems to have any idea that there are such things in the world as principles which honorable people would sooner lose their life than abandon; feminine chastity and fidelity to marriage-vows are looked upon as matters indifferent as salutations; its heroes and heroines all lie, some of them steal, and every body who appears in the book seems persuaded that as long as his bed is provided with an agreeable woman, his board with a plenty to eat, and his wardrobe with plenty to wear, he is derelict to no duty of the station of life to which it has pleased Heaven to assign him. How long society can keep together, rotten to the core, as French society is admitted to be, I can not vaticinate. You will see in your exchanges the Holy Bible is prohibited in some departments by a decree not five days old; the Bible prohibited and 'Fanny' and 'Madame Bovary' sold! The Government is said to find Belial no bad moulder of slaves."

ITALY.

ARE WORKS OF ART SINFUL?

A singular trial is about to take place in Lombardy. A wealthy man of that section lately died who possessed two pictures by Rubens—one the portrait of a woman, the other a zodiac—two pictures of high merit, and well known in the country to which they belonged. When the priest arrived to confess the dying man he demanded to see the pictures of Rubens. They were shown him: he declared them indecent, because they were nude figures of women, and refused absolution to the moribund unless he gave orders for the burning of the pictures. He was obeyed, was absolved, and then died. To-day, the son and heir to the estate has brought suit against the confessor for having abused the mind of the dying man, and diminished the value of the succession 80,000 francs. Such a process, if intelligently conducted and pleaded, will be of immense value as a precedent.

PORTUGAL.

SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE MADEIRA?

Mr. Richard Smith, the proprietor of the Botanic Gardens in the Island of Madeira, is now in Lisbon with the expectation of obtaining the patronage and assistance of the Portuguese Government for his very valuable and useful botanical and horticultural labors. This gentleman states that there is a probability that the yield of wine in Madeira, this year, will be some 600 pipes, whereas, in former years, it used to average between 15,000 and 16,000 pipes. The farmers, however, are still attending to the cultivation of the grape, and planting new vines in the districts where the old ones have died out, so that there is every hope that the island may be again restored to its vine-producing condition. An unqualified contradiction may be given to the assertion, so freely promulgated in England, that the inhabitants of Madeira have ceased to attend to the cultivation of the vine.

TURKEY.

THE SICK MAN GETTING WORSE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is very positively stated here, on the strength of letters from Constantinople, some of which are understood to have been received in official quarters, that there exists a conspiracy to get rid of the present Sultan, and to replace him by his brother, Abdul Aziz. Some of these letters assert that, when the recent stormy scene occurred at the Porte, when Abdul Medjid so vehemently apostrophized his ministers, and accused them of leading the empire to ruin by dilapidation of the finances, the Sultan added that he knew that a certain party desired to put his brother to reign over them in his stead, but that they would not find it so easy a matter to make away with him, and that they would do well to bear in mind that he was a descendant of Soliman and of Mohammed II., and the son of Mahmoud. It is further stated that the conspiracy had gone so far that the majority of the foreign embassadors at Constantinople had thought proper to inform certain leading persons in the plot that, if Abdul Aziz came to the throne by violent means, he would not be recognized by the European powers. All this is news of rather a startling character. With Turkey in the European concert, and brought so near to us by steam and frequent intercourse, one fancies that the day of sack and bowstring must be gone by, never to return. If the facts be as above stated, we must soon have confirmation of them. Meanwhile, the source from which they reach me is sufficiently trustworthy to warrant their communication to you. From the same quarter I learn that Turkey and Persia have been on the brink of a complete rupture, and that it was to prevent this, and to reknit the almost severed thread of diplomatic negotiations, that Ferukh Khan remained at Constantinople."

REFORM IN THE SERAGLIO.

An order has been issued that none of the palace ladies are to go out shopping, and all merchants have, according the hatt, been warned not to lend money or goods under any circumstances. A large quantity of jewels bought on credit have been returned, with a fair compensation, to those who furnished them; so that the price of diamonds, which had risen lately to a fabulous height, has fallen considerably. All the buildings which can remain without being destroyed by the approaching rains have been stopped, and those which can not are to be covered in temporarily, and then likewise deferred for better times. The commission named to inquire into the expenditure and debts of the palace and civil list have likewise not been idle, and have come on the traces of the most impudent peculations.

A FASHIONABLE LADY IN TROUBLE.

The *Journal de Constantinople* gives an account of a very important arrest which had just taken place in that city: "Among the passengers who had arrived from Syra by the steamer *Agia Sofia*, which runs between Liverpool and Constantinople, touching at the above port, was an elegantly dressed lady. On landing, she appeared very anxious about her baggage, and requested an Englishman, who was attached to the steam company's office, to accompany her to the custom-house, hoping that by his assistance she might have the examination got through more readily and with less rigor. She also expressed anxiety lest her dresses and other articles of toilet should be rumpled. The Director of the custom-house, Abdallah Hiffet Bey, assured her, with the greatest courtesy, that nothing should be injured, but that her trunks must be opened. This was done, and the very first looked at was found to have a false bottom. On this, the Director had all the rest of the baggage removed into an inner room, and requested the lady to follow him there. A further search was then made, and two other trunks were found to be made in the same manner, and to have carefully packed in them forged notes of 20 piastres, to the total amount of 1,230,000 piastres, made up in packets of 1000 each. The lady herself was afterward searched, and there were found, carefully sewed in her under garments, 20,000 piastres more of the same notes. The lady and her baggage were immediately sent off to the Ministry of Police, and on her way thither she betrayed the utmost alarm and agitation. On being interrogated by the Minister she gave her name as S—— C——, that of one of the first families in the East. She stated that she was a native of Moldavia, and was a married woman. She was afterward removed to the prison for women and carefully watched, and on the following day was taken to the Porte and examined by the Grand Vizier himself. It is believed that she is only the agent of a band of forgers who have made Syra their head-quarters."

AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE ON THE ZAMBESI.

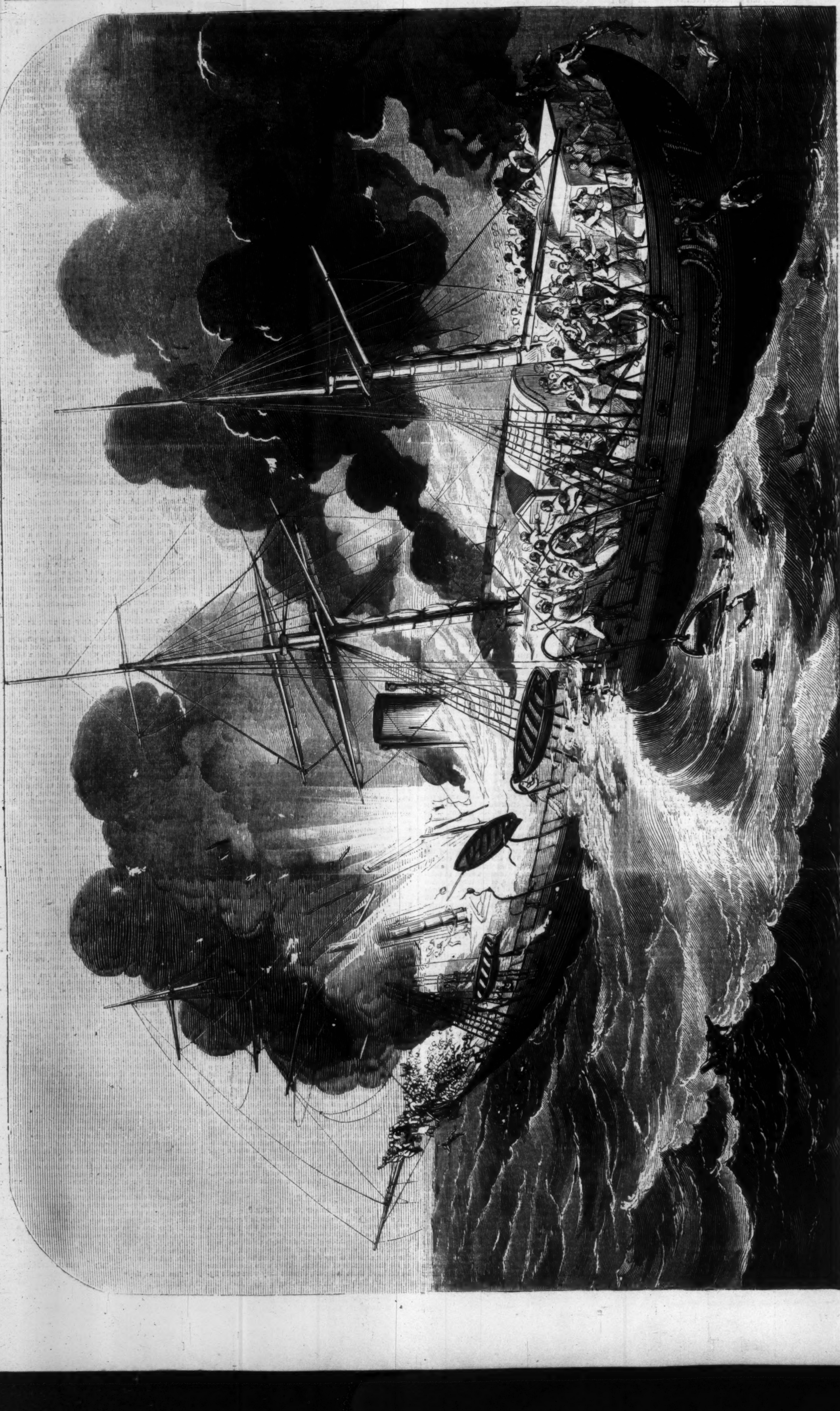
The following interesting letter has been received from Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished African explorer:

"Marobert, Zambesi, 21st June, 1858.

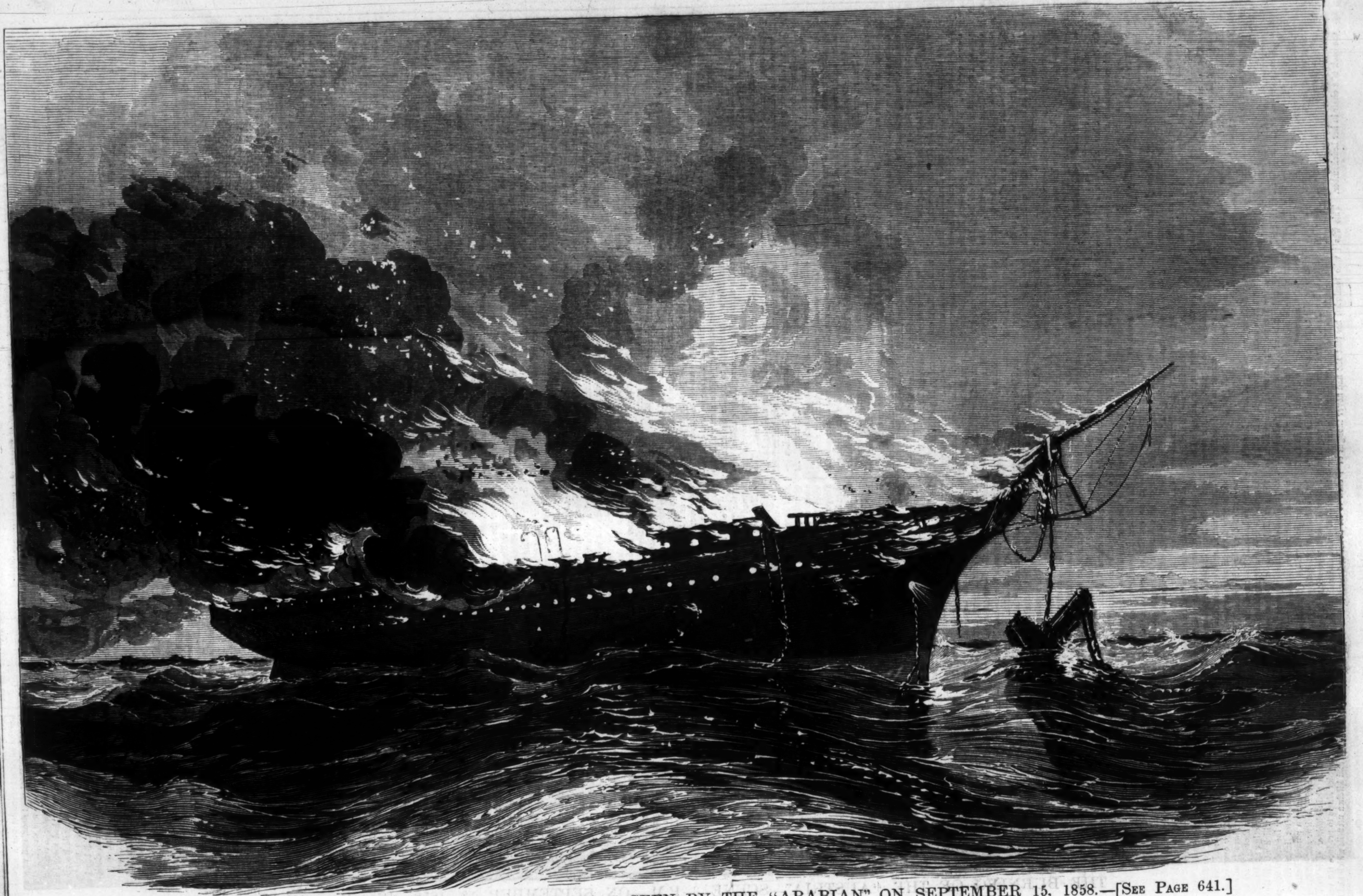
"My dear Sir,—As you will no doubt feel anxious to hear how we get on with the launch, I am happy to be able to inform you that we entered what is called West Luabo (properly Luave) on the 15th of May, and, finding a fine safe harbor, we proceeded at once to take out the three compartments of the *Marobert* from the *Pearl*. The first day was sufficient for getting her into the water and putting her together, by the admirable and simple contrivance your son invented. We had only to stand on a compartment in sufficient numbers to sink it down, and, drawing it to the middle section, the bolts slipped in with the greatest ease; on the evening of the third day she was ready to act as pilot to the larger vessel, and has been doing admirable service ever since. She goes puffing away on this great Zambesi now, to the infinite disgust of hippopotami, whole herds of which rush off pell-mell as soon as we approach them, and the crustiest old bachelor among them dares not do her battle. It would be an immense boon if Government would send out such vessels to run up creeks and rivers, and chase slavers, instead of taking it out of the poor sailors' muscles at the oar, but you would require to make them broader than this, and not quite so long; the length might be borne with if they were four or five feet broader, and no objection would be taken to this, as the men-of-war could carry them with ease between masts. Allow me also to suggest, as an improvement, two plates near the bottom of each compartment, with plugs which, when the compartments were once put together, might be taken out and bolts inserted. I mention this because our after-compartment shows some symptoms of the bottom bolts, or dowels, becoming loose. I venture, also, to suggest the greater width, as we can't carry luggage at present, and four feet additional width, with, perhaps, a little more power, would make her perfect. She has done exceedingly well, and tows a large launch far better than we expected. Now, as I am done with criticism, which you may think sufficiently presumptuous, I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. Laird and all your family.

"(Signed) David Livingstone.

"John Laird, Esq."



THE BURNING OF THE "AUSTRIA"—SCENE 3 P.M.—ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.—[See Page 641.]



THE BURNING STEAMER "AUSTRIA," AS SHE WAS SEEN BY THE "ARABIAN" ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1858.—[See Page 641.]

THE POISONED MEAL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—THE POCKETS.

THE story takes us across the Channel to Normandy, and introduces us to a young French girl named Marie-Françoise-Victoire Salmon.

Her father was a poor Norman laborer. Her mother died while she was a child. From an early age Marie had learned to get her own living by going out to service. Three different mistresses tried her while she was a very young girl, and found every reason to be satisfied with her conduct. She entered her fourth place, in the family of one Monsieur Dumesnil, when she was twenty years of age. This was the turning-point in her career; and here the strange story of her life begins.

Among the persons who often visited Monsieur Dumesnil and his wife was a certain Monsieur Revel, a relation of Madame Dumesnil's. He was a man of some note in his part of the country, holding a responsible legal appointment at the town of Caen, in Normandy; and he honored Marie, when he first saw her at her master's house, with his special attention and approval. She had a fair, innocent face, and a modest, winning manner; and Monsieur Revel became almost oppressively anxious, in a highly paternal way, that she should better her condition by seeking service at Caen, where places were plentiful and wages higher than in the country; and where, it is also necessary to remember, Monsieur Revel himself lived.

Marie's own idea, however, of the best means of improving her condition was a little at variance with the idea of her disinterested adviser. Her ambition was to gain her living independently, if she could, by being a seamstress. She left the service of Monsieur Dumesnil of her own accord, and without so much as the shadow of a stain on her character, and went to the old town of Bayeux to try what she could do by taking in needle-work. As a means of subsistence, needle-work soon proved itself to be insufficient; and she found herself thrown back again on the old resource of going out to service. Most unfortunately, as events afterward turned out, she now called to mind Monsieur Revel's paternal advice, and resolved to seek employment as a maid-of-all-work at Caen.

She left Bayeux with the little bundle of clothes which represented all the property she had in the world, on the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. It will be well to notice this date particularly, and to remember—in case some of the events of Marie's story should seem almost incredible—that it marks the period—the wicked and tyrannical period—which immediately preceded the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Among the few articles of the maid's apparel which the bundle contained, and to which it is necessary to attract attention at the outset, were two pairs of pockets, one of them being still in an unfinished condition. She had a third pair, which she wore on her journey. In the last century a country girl's pockets were an important and prominent part of her costume. They hung on each side of her, ready to her hand. They were sometimes very prettily embroidered, and they were almost always large and of a bright color.

On the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, Marie left Bayeux, and early on the same day she reached Caen. Her good manners, her excellent character, and the modesty of her demands in the matter of wages, rendered it easy for her to find a situation. On the very evening of her arrival she was suited with a place.

The family consisted of Marie's master and mistress, Monsieur and Madame Huet Duparc (both highly respectable people); of two sons, aged respectively twenty-one and eleven years; of their sister, aged seventeen years; and of Monsieur and Madame de Beaulieu, the father and mother of Madame Duparc, one eighty-eight years old, the other eighty-six.

Madame Duparc explained to Marie the various duties which she was expected to perform, on the evening when she entered the house. She was to begin the day by fetching some milk, that being one of the ingredients used in preparing the hasty-pudding which formed the favorite morning meal of the old gentleman, Monsieur de Beaulieu. The hasty-pudding was always to be got ready by seven o'clock exactly. When this had been done, Marie was next required to take the infirm old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, every morning to mass. She was then to go to market, and get all the provisions that were wanted for the daily use of the family; and she was, finally, to look to the cooking of the food, and to make herself additionally useful (with some occasional assistance from Madame Duparc and her daughter) in every other remaining branch of household work. The wages she was to receive for performing all these conflicting duties amounted to precisely two pounds sterling of English money.

She had entered her new place on a Wednesday. On Thursday she took her first lesson in preparing the old gentleman's morning meal. One point which her mistress then particularly impressed on her was, that she was *not* to put any salt in the hasty-pudding.

On the Saturday following, when she went out to buy milk, she made a little purchase on her own account. Of course the purchase was an article of dress—a piece of fine bright orange-colored stuff, for which she paid nearly the whole price on the spot, out of her small savings. The sum of two sous six deniers (about a penny English) was all that Marie took credit for. On her return to the house she showed the piece of stuff to Madame Duparc, and asked to be advised whether she should make an apron or a jacket of it.

The next day being Sunday, Marie marked the occasion by putting on all the little finery she had. Her pair of festive pockets, striped with blue and white, and wonderfully smart to look at, came out of her bundle along with other things. When she had put them on, she hung the old work-a-day pockets which she had worn on leaving Bayeux to the back of a chair in her bedchamber. This was a little room on the ground-floor, situated close to the dining-room, and perfectly easy of access to every one in the house. Long afterward Marie remembered how pleasantly and quietly that Sunday passed. It was the last day of happiness the poor girl was to enjoy in the house of Madame Duparc.

On the Monday morning she went to fetch the milk as usual; but the milkwoman was not in the shop to serve her. After returning to the house, she proposed making a second attempt; but her mistress stopped her, saying that the milk would doubtless be sent before long. This turned out to be the case, and Marie, having cleaned the saucepan for Monsieur de Beaulieu's hasty-pudding, received from the hands of Madame Duparc the earthen vessel containing the meal used in the house. She mixed this flour and put it into the saucepan in the presence of Madame Duparc and her daughter. She had just set the saucepan on the fire, when her mistress said, with a very remarkable abruptness:

"Have you put any salt in it?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," answered Marie, amazed by the question. "You told me yourself that I was never to put salt in it."

Upon this, Madame Duparc snatched up the saucepan without saying another word, turned to the dresser, stretched out her hand toward one of four salt-cellars which always stood there, and sprinkled salt into the saucepan—or (to speak with extreme correctness, the matter being important), if not salt, something which she took for salt.

The hasty-pudding made, Marie poured it from the saucepan into a soup-plate which her mistress held. Madame Duparc herself then took it to Monsieur de Beaulieu. She and her daughter, and one of her sons, remained with the old man while he was eating his breakfast. Marie, left in the kitchen, prepared to clean the saucepan; but before she could do so, she was suddenly called in two different directions by Madame de Beaulieu and Madame Duparc. The old lady wished to be taken to mass, and her mistress wanted to send her on a number of errands. Marie did not stop even to pour some clean water, as usual, into the saucepan. She went at once to get her instructions from Madame Duparc, and to attend on Madame de Beaulieu. Taking the old lady to church, and then running on her mistress's errands, which were much more numerous than usual, kept her so long away from the house that it was half past eleven in the forenoon before she got back.

The first news that met her on her return was that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been suffering ever since nine o'clock from a violent attack of vomiting and colic. Madame Duparc ordered her to help the old man to bed immediately; and inquired, when these directions had been followed, whether Marie felt capable of looking after him herself, or whether she would prefer that a nurse should be sent for. Being a kind-hearted, willing girl, always anxious to make herself useful, Marie replied that she would gladly undertake the nursing of the old man; and thereupon her bed was moved at once into Monsieur de Beaulieu's room.

Meanwhile Madame Duparc fetched from a neighboring apothecary's one of the apprentices of the shop to see her father. The lad was quite unfit to meet the emergency of the case, which was certainly serious enough to require the attention of his master, if not of a regularly qualified physician. Instead of applying any internal remedies, the apprentice stupidly tried blistering. This course of treatment proved utterly useless; but no better advice was called in. After he had suffered for hours without relief, Monsieur de Beaulieu began to sink rapidly toward the afternoon. At half past five o'clock he had ceased to exist.

This shocking catastrophe, startling and suspicious as it was, did not appear to discompose the nerves of Madame Duparc. While her eldest son immediately left the house to inform his father, who had been absent in the country all day, of what had happened, she lost no time in sending for the nearest nurse to lay out the corpse of Monsieur de Beaulieu. On entering the chamber of death, the nurse found Marie there alone.

"He died suddenly, did he not?" said the nurse.

"Very suddenly," answered Marie. "He was walking about only yesterday, in perfect health."

Soon afterward the time came when it was customary to prepare supper. Marie went into the kitchen, mechanically, to get the meal ready. Madame Duparc, her daughter, and her youngest son, partook of it as usual. Madame de Beaulieu, overwhelmed by the dreadful death of her husband, was incapable of joining them.

When supper was over, Marie assisted the old lady to bed. Then, worn out though she was with fatigue, she went back to the nurse to keep her company in watching by the dead body. Monsieur de Beaulieu had been kind to Marie, and had spoken gratefully of the little attentions she had shown him. She remembered this tenderly now that he was no more; and she could not find it in her heart to leave a hired mourner to be the only watcher by his death-bed. All that night she remained in the room, entirely ignorant of what was passing the while in every part of the house—her own little bed-room included, as a matter of course.

About seven o'clock the next morning, after sitting up all night, she went back again wearily to the kitchen to begin her day's work. Her mistress joined her there, and saluted her with a scolding.

"You are the most careless, slovenly girl I ever met with," said Madame Duparc. "Look at your dress! How can you expect to be decent on a Sunday, if you wear your best pair of pockets on week-days!"

Surely Madame Duparc's grief for the loss of her father must have been slight enough if it did not prevent her from paying the strictest attention to her servant's pockets! Although Marie had only known the old man for a few days, she had been too deeply impressed by his illness and its fatal end, to be able to think of such a trifle as the condition of her dress. And now, of all the people in the world, it was Monsieur de Beaulieu's daughter who reminded her that she had never thought of changing her pockets, only the day after the old man's dreadful death.

"Put on your old pockets, directly, you untidy girl!" said Madame Duparc.

The old pockets were of course hanging where Marie had left them, at the back of the chair in her own room—the room which was open to any one who chose to go into it—the room which she herself had not entered during the past night. She left the kitchen to obey her mistress; and taking the old pair of pockets off the chair, tied them on as quickly as possible. From that fatal moment the friendless maid-of-all-work was a ruined girl.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE ARSENIC.

ON returning to the kitchen to go on with her work, the exhaustion against which Marie had hitherto fought successfully, overpowered her the moment she sat down; her heavy head drooped, her eyes closed in spite of her, and she fell into a broken, uneasy slumber. Madame Duparc and her daughter, seeing the condition she was in, undertook the preparation of the day's dinner themselves. Among the dishes which they got ready, and which they salted from the cellars on the dresser, were two different kinds of soup—one kind, for themselves, made from fresh "stock"—the other, for Maria and the nurse, made from old "stock." While they were engaged over their cookery, Monsieur Duparc arrived from the country, and Marie was awakened to take the horse he had ridden to the stables, to unsaddle the animal, and to give him his feed of corn. While she was thus engaged, Madame Duparc and her daughter remained alone in the kitchen. When she left the stable it was time for her to lay the cloth. She was told to put plates for seven persons. Only six, however, sat down to dinner. These six were, Madame de Beaulieu, Monsieur and Madame Duparc, the youngest of their two sons, Madame Beauguillot (sister of Madame Duparc), and Monsieur Beauguillot (her son). Mademoiselle Duparc remained in the kitchen to help Marie in serving up the dinner, and only took her place at table after the soup had been put on. Her elder brother, after summoning his father home, had not returned to the house.

After the soup had been taken away, and while Marie was waiting at table during the eating of the second course, young Duparc complained that he felt something gritty between his teeth. His mother made precisely the same remark. Nobody else, however, agreed with them, and the subject was allowed to drop. When the second course was done with, the dessert followed, consisting of a plate of cherries. With the dessert there arrived a visitor, Monsieur Fergant, a relation of Madama Duparc's. This gentleman sat down at table with the rest of the company.

Meanwhile, the nurse and Marie were making their dinner in the kitchen off the soup which had been specially provided for them—Marie having previously placed the dirty plates and the empty soup tureen from the dining-room in the scullery, as usual, to be washed at the proper time. While she and her companion were still engaged over their soup, young Duparc and his mother suddenly burst into the kitchen, followed by the other persons who had partaken of dinner.

"We are all poisoned!" cried Madame Duparc, in the greatest terror. "Good Heavens! I smell burned arsenic in the kitchen!"

Monsieur Fergant, the visitor, hearing these last words, politely stepped forward to echo them.

"Burned arsenic, beyond a doubt!" said Monsieur Fergant. When this gentleman was subsequently questioned on the subject, it may not be amiss to mention that he was quite unable to say what burned arsenic smelled like. Neither is it altogether out of place to inquire how Madame Duparc happened to be so amazingly apt at discovering the smell of burned arsenic?

Having settled that they were all poisoned, and having even found out (thanks to those two intelligent amateur chemists, Madame Duparc and Monsieur Fergant) the very nature of the deadly drug that had been used to destroy them, the next thing the company naturally thought of was the necessity of summoning medical help. Young Monsieur Beauguillot obligingly ran off (it was apparently a very mild case of poisoning, so far as he was concerned) to the apothecary's shop, and fetched, not the apprentice this time, but the master. The master, Monsieur Thierry, arrived in great haste, and found the dinner-eaters all complaining of nausea and pains in the stomach. He naturally asked what they had eaten. The reply was, that they had eaten nothing but soup.

This was, to say the least of it, rather an unaccountable answer. The company had had for dinner, besides soup, a second course of boiled meat and ragout of beef, and a dessert of cherries. Why was this plain fact concealed? Why was the apothecary's attention to be fixed exclusively on the soup? Was it because the tureen was empty, and because the alleged smell of burned arsenic might be accounted for on the theory that the remains of the soup brought from the dining-room had been thrown on the kitchen fire? But no remains of soup came down—it had been all consumed by the guests. And what is still more remarkable, the only person in the kitchen (excepting Marie and the nurse) who could not discover the smell of burned arsenic, was the person of all others who was professionally qualified to find it out first—the apothecary himself.

After examining the tureen and the plates, and stirring up the wood ashes on the fire, and making no sort of discovery, Monsieur Thierry turned to Marie, and asked if she could account for what had happened. She simply replied that she knew nothing at all about it; and, thereupon, her mistress and the rest of the persons present all overwhelmed her together with a perfect torrent of questions. The poor girl, terrified by the hubbub, worn out by a sleepless night and by the hard work and agitation of the day preceding it, burst into a hysterical fit of tears, and was ordered out of the kitchen to lie down and recover herself. The only person who showed her the least pity and offered her the slightest attention was a servant-girl like herself, who lived next door, and who stole up to the room in which she was weeping alone, with a cup of warm milk and water to comfort her.

Meanwhile, the report had spread in the town that the old man, Monsieur de Beaulieu, and the whole Duparc family, had been poisoned by their servant. Madame Duparc did her best to give the rumor the widest possible circulation. Entirely forgetting, as it would seem, that she was on her own showing a poisoned woman, she roamed excitably all over the house with an audience of agitated female friends at her heels; telling the burned-arsenic story over and over again to every fresh detachment of visitors that arrived to hear it; and finally leading the whole troop of women into the room where Marie was trying to recover herself. The poor girl was surrounded in a moment; angry faces and shrill voices met her on every side; the most insolent questions, the most extravagant accusations assailed her; and not one word that she could say in her own defense was listened to for an instant. She had sprung up in the bed, on her knees, and was frantically entreating for permission to speak in her own defense, when a new personage appeared on the scene, and stilled the clamor by his presence. This individual was a surgeon named Hébert, a friend of Madame Duparc's, who announced that he had arrived to give the family the benefit of his assistance, and who proposed to commence operations in a calm, business-like manner, by searching the servant's pockets without farther delay.

The instant Marie heard him make this proposal, she untied her pockets, and gave them to Surgeon Hébert with her own hands. He examined them on the spot. In one, he found some copper money and a thimble. In the other (to use his own words given in evidence), he discovered "various fragments of bread, sprinkled over with some minute substance which was white and shining. He kept the fragments of bread, and left the room immediately without saying a word." By this course of proceeding he gave Marie no chance of stating at the outset whether she knew of the fragments of bread being in her pocket, or whether she was totally ignorant how they came there. Setting aside, for the present, the question whether there was really any arsenic on the crumbs at all, it would clearly have been showing the unfortunate maid-of-all-work no more than common justice to have allowed her the opportunity of speaking before the bread was carried away.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening. The next event was the arrival of another officious visitor. The new friend in need belonged to the legal profession—he was an advocate named Friley. Monsieur Friley's legal instincts led him straightway to a conclusion which advanced the progress of events seriously. Having heard the statement of Madame Duparc and her daughter, he decided that it was his duty to lodge an information against Marie before the Procurator of the King, at Caen.

The Procurator of the King is, by this time, no stranger to the reader. He was the same Monsieur Revel who had taken such an amazingly strong interest in Marie's fortunes, and who had strongly advised her to try her luck at Caen. Here then, surely, was a friend found at last for the forlorn maid-of-all-work?

The French law of the period, and it may be added, the commonest principles of justice also, required the Procurator to perform certain plain duties as soon as the accusation against Marie had reached his ears. He was, in the first place, bound to proceed immediately, accompanied by his official colleague, to the spot where the alleged crime of poisoning was supposed to have taken place. Arrived there, it was his business to ascertain for himself the condition of the persons attacked with illness; to hear their statements; to examine the rooms, the kitchen utensils, and the family medicine-chest, if there happened to be one in the house; to receive any statement the accused person might wish to make; to take down her answers to his questions; and, lastly, to keep any thing found on the servant (the bread-crumbs, for instance, of which Surgeon Hébert had coolly taken possession), or any thing found about the house, which it might be necessary to produce in evidence, in a position of absolute security, under the hand and seal of justice.

These were the plain duties which Monsieur Revel, the Procurator, was officially bound to fulfill. In the case of Marie, he not only neglected to perform any one of them, but actually sanctioned a scheme for entrapping her into prison, by sending a commissary of police to the house in plain clothes, with an order to place her in solitary confinement. To what motive could this scandalous violation of his duties and of justice be attributed? The last we saw of Monsieur Revel, he was so benevolently disposed toward Marie that he condescended to advise her about her prospects in life, and even went the length of recommending her to seek for a situation in the very town in which he lived himself. And now, we find him so suddenly and bitterly hostile toward the former object of his patronage, that he actually lends the assistance of his high official position to sanction an accusation against her, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not made a single inquiry! Can it be that Monsieur Revel's interest in Marie was, after all, not of the purest possible kind, and that the unfortunate girl proved too stubbornly virtuous to be taught what the real end was toward which the attentions of her over-benevolent adviser privately pointed? There is no evidence attaching to the case (as how should there be?) to prove this. But is there any other explanation of Monsieur Revel's conduct, which at all tends to account for the extraordinary inconsistency of it?

Having received his secret instructions, the commissary of police—a man named Bertot—proceeded to the house of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, disguised in plain clothes. His first proceeding was to order Marie to produce the various plates, dishes, and kitchen utensils which had been used at the dinner of Tuesday, the seventh of August (that being the day on which the poisoning of the company was alleged to have taken place). Marie produced a saucepan, an earthen vessel, a stewpan, and several plates piled on each other, in one of which there were the remains of some soup. These articles Bertot locked up in the kitchen cupboard, and took away the key with him. He ought to have taken the additional precaution of placing a seal on the cupboard, so as to prevent any tampering with the lock, or any treachery with a duplicate key. But this he did not do.

His next proceeding was to tell Marie that the Procurator Revel wished to speak to her, and to propose that she should accompany him to the presence of that gentleman forthwith. Not having the slightest suspicion of any treachery, she willingly consented, and left the house with the commissary. A friend of the Duparcs, named Vassol, accompanied them.

Once out of the house, Bertot led his unsuspecting prisoner straight to the jail. As soon as she was inside the gates, he informed her that she was arrested, and proceeded to search her person in the presence of Vassol, the jailer of the prison, and a woman named Dujardin. The first thing he found on her was a little linen bag, sewn to her petticoat, and containing a species of religious charm, in the shape of a morsel of the sacramental wafer. Her pockets came next under review (the pockets which Surgeon Hébert had previously searched). A little dust was discovered at the bottom of them, which was shaken out on paper, wrapped up along with the linen bag, sealed in one packet, and taken to the Procurator's office. Finally, the woman Dujardin found in Marie's bosom a little key, which she readily admitted to be the key of her own cupboard.

The search over, one last act of cruelty and injustice was all that remained to be committed for that day. The unfortunate girl was placed at once in solitary confinement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APPLE-TIME AT UNCLE JERRY'S.

I WONDER who doesn't love to be in the country in apple-time, when the boughs bend down under the weight of the ripe, juicy fruit!

Uncle Jerry has apple orchards on the hill, and under the hill, and behind the barn, and even the great red farm-house stands in an apple-orchard.

Every autumn I like to go to "Sunny Meadow" and pass a week at Uncle Jerry's, and help gather apples with his boys and girls.

Early in the morning I am wakened by his jolly voice shouting to Billy, and Robby, and Liddy, and Polly, and half a dozen others, to "come along with the ladders and baskets and poles to put into the cart." Then I know the merry work is to begin. I spring out of bed and dress myself as quickly as you could say "Jack Robinson," and run down stairs to be with them and help enjoy the sport.

Aunt Debby won't let me go a step till I have eaten some of her fresh brown bread and milk. She says she can't come yet, because she must make some September butter, and Polly must "tidy up" the house; but they will follow by-and-by, with the other wagon and the one-eyed mare.

In we all scramble, and sit on the bottom of the cart. Uncle Jerry takes the whip, and marching alongside of the oxen, commences a long string of outlandish words, such as "Whish!" "Whop!" "Kerbrike!" "Bake!" "Whop wa ho!" and a great deal more, of which I never clearly comprehended the meaning, and, between you and me, I don't believe the oxen did either; I know they would have walked on just as sedately if Uncle Jerry had said, "Come, 'White Face'—come, 'Whisker,' we are going to gather apples on the hill."

Oh, how full the trees hang! How large and tempting the rosy apples look! They make my mouth water so that I must eat one before I begin to pick. Sitting on a bushel basket, I am just in the act of meeting my teeth in a juicy "Seek-no-farther," when I hear a shout over my head.

"Look out, Cousin Letty; you'll get pelted!"

Up I spring again, knocking the great basket over in my hurry, and just escape a shower of apples on my head. That little rascal of a Robby is up in the tree, looking like his bird namesake, with his red calico apron on, shaking the boughs till his hat flies off, and his white hair dances over his little round head like a wick-yarn mop, when Aunt Debby shakes it out the back window.

Down come the apples by the hundreds; sounding in their quick fall like a troop of wild horses galloping over the field.

After a few minutes of this violent exercise Robby sits back upon a branch to rest, and eat the big apple which he cabbaged and pocketed when he first climbed up. All the rest of us dart down at the fruit, like bees upon clover. Baskets are filled quickly, and Uncle Jerry hoists them upon his broad shoulders and upsets them in the cart.

The whole orchard is delicious with fragrance! I think an apple smells as good as it tastes. I know peaches are rich flavored and plums are luscious, grapes are tempting and pears are "*kill'n*," as they say in the "Bowery;" but give me a ripe, juicy, crispy *apple* and I am willing to forego all the others. I heartily join with Mary Howitt in her song of

"The apple-tree,
The bright, rosy apple-tree!"

When the tree has been shaken until it looks *breathless* there are still a dozen or so of kingly great fellows, standing by their fortress while life remains. Then pitiless Uncle Jerry takes the long pole and comes on to the attack. After a few determined pokes he fetches them rolling to the ground, and tosses them in, with their red brothers, ready for market.

So we go from one tree to another, stripping them of their "recruits" until they are left naked and forlorn to brave old Winter's blasts, and shake their bare arms in defiance at the wind.

There comes Aunt Debby, jogging along with the horse and wagon. The old mare is continually turning to the left, because she has no eye on that side, and she is dying of curiosity to see what lies on the *blind half* of the road. This keeps poor Aunt Debby pulling at the other rein, until, out of patience, she gives them a great jerk, and calls the mare a "*pesky old critter!*" The astonished animal holds her head up in the air and stretches open her mouth, thinking she is desired to stop. Then Aunt Debby, with determined severity, gathers up the reins and lays them soundly over the mare's back, assuring her that if she don't "git along" she'll find a way to *make* her!

Uncle Jerry stands in the orchard laughing; and says, "Mother's a good 'un; she fetches 'em up to the mark!" and Aunt Debby drives victoriously in at the bars.

When both cart and wagon are filled we take leave of the orchard under the hill. Next day we sweep clean of apples the orchard *on* the hill; then the one behind the barn; and last of all, the orchard where the house stands. This contains the rarest and most delicious fruit of all. Here grow the "pumpkin sweetings," and the "blueberry-mains," and one tree of golden, pear-shaped apples, which Uncle Jerry calls "rattle-boxes," because the brown seeds shake loosely about in the core.

When I bid good-by to the good folks my pocket and carpet-bags are stuffed well with the fairest apples to be found, by dear Aunt Debby and the children, and they send me off with cordial invitations to repeat my visit "next apple-time."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The wreck and the life-boat in a fog.

THE next day, a little after noon, Jasper Losely, coming back from Alhambra Villa—furious, desperate, knowing not where to turn for bread, or on whom to pour his rage—beheld suddenly, in a quiet, half-built street, which led from the suburb to the New Road, Arabella Crane standing right in his path. She had emerged from one of the many straight intersecting roads which characterize that crude nebula of a future city: and the woman and the man met thus face to face; not another passer-by visible in the thoroughfare; at a distance the dozing hack cab-stand; round and about them carcasses of brick and mortar—some with gaunt scaffolding fixed into their ribs, and all looking yet more weird in their raw struggle into shape through the livid haze of a yellow fog.

Losely, seeing Arabella thus planted in his way, recoiled; and the superstition in which he had long associated her image with baffled schemes and perilous hours, sent the wrathful blood back through his veins so quickly that he heard his heart beat!

MRS. CRANE. "So! You see we can not help meeting, Jasper dear, do what you will to shun me."

LOSELY. "I—I—you always startle me so!—you are in town, then?—to stay?—your old quarters?"

MRS. CRANE. "Why ask? You can not wish to know where I am—you would not call. But how fares it?—what do you do?—how do you live? You look ill—Poor Jasper."

LOSELY (fiercely). "Hang your pity, and give me some money."

MRS. CRANE (calmly laying her lean hand on the arm which was darted forward more in menace than entreaty, and actually terrifying the Gladiator as she linked that deadly arm into her own). "I said you would always find me when at the worst of your troubles. And so, Jasper, it shall be till this right hand of yours is powerless as the clay at our feet. Walk—walk; you are not afraid of me?—walk on, tell me all. Where have you just been?"

Jasper, therewith reminded of his wrongs, poured out a volley of abuse on Poole, communicating to Mrs. Crane the whole story of his claims on that gentleman—the loss of the pocket-book filched from him, and Poole's knowledge that he was thus disarmed.

"And the coward," said he, grinding his teeth, "got out of his window—and three policemen in his garden. He must have bribed a pickpocket—low knave that he is. But I shall find out—and then—"

"And then, Jasper, how will you be better off?—the letters are gone; and Poole has you in his power if you threaten him again. Now, hark you; you did not murder the Italian who was found stabbed in the fields yonder a week ago? £100 reward for the murderer."

"I—no. How coldly you ask! I have hit hard in fair fight—murdered, never. If ever I take to that, I shall begin with Poole."

"But I tell you, Jasper, that you are suspected of that murder; that you will be accused of that murder; and if I had not thus fortunately met you, for that murder you would be tried and hanged."

"Are you serious? Who could accuse me?"

"Those who know that you are not guilty—those who could make you appear so—the villains with whom you horde, and drink, and brawl! Have I ever been wrong in my warnings yet?"

"This is too horrible," faltered Losely, thinking not of the conspiracy against his life but of her prescience in detecting it. "It must be witchcraft, and nothing else. How could you learn what you tell me?"

"That is my affair; enough for you that I am right. Go no more to those black haunts; they are even now full of snares and pitfalls for you. Leave London, and you are safe. Trust to me."

"And where shall I go?"

"Look you, Jasper; you have worn out this Old World—no refuge for you but the New. Whither went your father, thither go you. Consent, and you shall not want. You can not discover Sophy. You have failed in all attempts on Darrell's purse. But agree to sail to Australasia, and I will engage to you an income larger than you say you extorted from Poole, to be spent in those safer shores."

"And you will go with me, I suppose," said Losely, with ungracious sullenness.

"Go with you, as you please. Be where you are—yes."

The ruffian bounded with rage and loathing.

"Woman, cross me no more, or I shall be goaded into—"

"Into killing me—you dare not! Meet my eye if you can—you dare not! Harm me, yea a hair of my head, and your moments are numbered—your doom sealed! Be we two together in a desert—not a human eye to see the deed—not a human ear to receive my groan, and still I should stand by your side unharmed. I, who have returned the wrongs received from you by vigilant, untiring benefits—I, who have saved you from so many enemies and so many dangers—I, who, now when all the rest of earth shun you, when all other resource fails—I, who now say to you, 'Share my income, but be honest!'—*I* receive injury from that hand! No; the guilt would be too unnatural—Heaven would not permit it. Try, and your arm will fall palsied by your side!"

Jasper's bloodshot eyes dropped beneath the woman's fixed and scorching gaze, and his lips, white and tremulous, refused to breathe the fierce curse into which his brutal nature concentrated its fears and its hate. He walked on in gloomy silence; but some words she had let fall suggested a last resort to his own daring.

She had urged him to quit the Old World for the New, but that had been the very proposition conveyed to him from Darrell. If that proposition, so repugnant to the indolence that had grown over him, must be embraced, better, at least, sail forth alone, his own master, than be the dependent slave of this abhorred and persecuting benefactress. His despair gave him the determination he had hitherto lacked. He would seek Darrell himself, and make the best compromise he could. This resolve passed into his mind as he stalked on through the yellow fog, and his nerves recovered from their irritation, and his thoughts regained something of their ancient craft, as the idea of escaping from Mrs. Crane's vigilance and charity assumed a definite shape.

"Well," said he, at length, dissimulating his repugnance, and with an effort at his old half-coaxing, half-rollicking tones, "you certainly are the best of creatures; and, as you say,

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you,'

ungrateful dog though I must seem, and very likely am. I own I have a horror of Australia—such a long sea-voyage! New scenes no longer attract me; I am no longer young, though I ought to be; but, if you insist on it, and will really condescend to accompany me, in spite of all my sins to you, why, I can make up my mind. And as to honesty, ask those infernal rascals who, you say, would swear away my life, and they will tell you that I have been as innocent as a lamb since my return to England; and that is my guilt in their villainous eyes. As long as that infamous Poole gave me enough for my humble wants I was a reformed man. I wish to keep reformed. Very little suffices for me now. As you say, Australia may be the best place for me. When shall we sail?"

"Are you serious?"

"To be sure."

"Then I will inquire the days on which the vessels start. You can call on me at my own old home, and all shall be arranged. Oh, Jasper Losely, do not avoid this last chance of escape from the perils that gather round you."

"No; I am sick of life—of all things except repose. Arabella, I suffer horrible pain."

He groaned, for he spoke truly. At that moment the gnaw of the monster anguish, which fastens on the nerves like a wolf's tooth, was so keen that he longed to swell his groan into a roar. The old fable of Hercules in the poisoned tunic was surely invented by some skilled physiologist to denote the truth that it is only in the strongest frames that pain can be pushed into its extremest torture. The heart of the grim woman was instantly and thoroughly softened. She paused; she made him lean on her arm; she wiped the drops from his brow; she addressed him in the most soothing tones of pity. The spasm passed away suddenly, as it does in neuralgic agonies, and with it any gratitude or any remorse in the breast of the sufferer.

"Yes," he said, "I will call on you; but meanwhile I am without a farthing. Oh, do not fear that if you helped me now, I should again shun you. I have no other resource left; nor have I now the spirit I once had. I no longer now laugh at fatigue and danger."

"But will you swear by all that you yet hold sacred—if, alas! there be aught which is sacred to you—that you will not again seek the company of those men who are conspiring to entrap you into the hangman's hands?"

"Seek them again, the ungrateful, cowardly blackguards! No, no; I promise you that—solemnly; it is medical aid that I want; it is rest, I tell you—rest, rest, rest."

Arabella Crane drew forth her purse. "Take what you will," said she, gently. Jasper, whether from the desire to deceive her, or because her alms were really so distasteful to his strange kind of pride that he stinted to bare necessity the appeal to them, contented himself with a third or a fourth of the sovereigns that the purse contained; and after a few words of thanks and promises, he left her side, and soon vanished in the fog that grew darker and darker as the night-like wintery day deepened over the silence thoroughfares.

The woman went her way through the mists, hopeful—through the mists went the man, hopeful also. Recruiting himself by slight food and strong drink at a tavern on his road, he stalked on to Darrell's house in Carlton Gardens; and, learning there that Darrell was at Fawley, hastened to the station from which started the train to the town nearest to the old Manor House; reached that town safely, and there rested for the night.

BOOK IX.—CHAPTER I.

The secret which Guy Darrell did not confide to Alban Morley.

IT was a serene noonday in that melancholy interlude of the seasons when autumn has really ceased—winter not yet visibly begun. The same hired vehicle which had borne Lionel to Fawley, more than five years ago, stopped at the gate of the wild, umbrageous grass-land that surrounded the antique manor-house. It had been engaged, from the nearest railway station on the London Road, by a lady, with a female companion who seemed her servant. The driver dismounted, opened the door of the vehicle, and the lady, bidding him wait there till her return, and saying a few words to her companion, descended, and drawing her cloak around her, walked on alone toward the Manor House. At first her step was firm, and her pace quick. She was still under the excitement of the resolve in which the journey from her home had been suddenly conceived and promptly accomplished. But as the path wound on through the stillness of venerable groves, her courage began to fail her. Her feet loitered, her eyes wandered round vaguely, timidly. The scene was not new to her. As she gazed, rushingly gathered over her sorrowful, shrinking mind memories of sportive, happy summer days, spent in childhood amidst those turfs and shades—memories, more agitating, of the last visit (childhood then ripened into blooming youth) to the ancient dwelling which, yet concealed from view by the swells of the undulating ground and the yellow boughs of the giant trees, betrayed its site by the smoke rising thin and dim against the limpid atmosphere. She bent down her head, closing her eyes as if to shut out less the face of the landscape than the images that rose, ghost-like, up to people it, and sighed heavily, heavily. Now—hard by, roused from its bed among the fern, the doe that Darrell had tamed into companionship had watched with curiosity this strange intruder on its solitary range. But at the sound of that heavy sigh, the creature, emboldened, left its halting-place, and stole close to the saddened woman, touching her very dress. Doubtless, as Darrell's companion in his most musing hours, the doe was familiarized to the sound of sighs, and associated the sound with its gentlest notions of humanity.

The lady, starting, raised her drooping lids, and met those soft dark eyes, dark and soft as her own. Round the animal's neck there was a simple collar, with a silver plate, fresh and new, evidently placed there recently; and as the creature thrust forward its head, as if for the caress of a wonted hand, the lady read the inscription. The words were in Italian, and may be construed thus: "Female, yet not faithless; fostered, yet not ungrateful." As she read, her heart so swelled, and her resolve so deserted her, that she turned as if she had received a sentence of dismissal, and went back some hasty paces. The doe followed her till she paused again, and then it went slowly down a narrow path to the left, which led to the banks of the little lake.

The lady had now recovered herself. "It is a duty, and it must be done," she muttered; and letting down the vail she had raised on entering the demesne, she hurried on, not retracing her steps in the same path, but taking that into which the doe had stricken—perhaps in the confused mistake of a mind absorbed and absent—perhaps in revived recollection of the localities; for the way thus to the house was shorter than by the weed-grown carriage-road. The lake came in view, serene and glassy; half leafless woodlands reflected far upon its quiet waters; the doe halted, lifted its head and sniffed the air, and, somewhat quickening its pace, vanished behind one of the hillocks clothed with brushwood, that gave so primitive and forest-like a character to the old ground. Advancing still, there now, at her right hand, grew out of the landscape the noble turrets of the unfinished pile; and, close at her left, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, the still lake at his feet reflecting his stiller shadow, reclined Guy Darrell, the doe nestled at his side.

So unexpected this sight—he, whom she came to seek yet feared to see, so close upon her way—the lady uttered a faint but sharp cry, and Darrell sprang to his feet. She stood before him, vailed, mantled, bending as a suppliant.

"Avaunt!" he faltered, wildly. "Is this a spirit my own black solitude conjures up—or is it a delusion, a dream?"

"It is I—I!—the Caroline dear to you once, if detested now! Forgive me! Not for myself I come." She flung back her vail—her eyes pleadingly sought his.

"So," said Darrell, gathering his arms round his breast in the gesture peculiar to him when seeking either to calm a more turbulent movement, or to confirm a sterner resolution of his heart—"so! Caroline, Marchioness of Montfort, we are then fated to meet face to face at last! I understand—Lionel Haughton sent, or showed to you, my letter?"

"Oh, Mr. Darrell! how could you have the heart to write in such terms of one who—"

"One who had taken the heart from my bosom and trampled it into the mire. True, fribbles will say, ‘Fie! the vocabulary of fine gentlemen has no harsh terms for women.’ Gallants, to whom love is pastime, leave or are left with elegant sorrow and courtly bows. Madam, I was never such airy gallant. I am but a man, unhappily in earnest—a man who placed in those hands his life of life—who said to you, while yet in his prime, ‘There is my future—take it, till it vanish out of earth!’ You have made that life substanceless as a ghost—that future barren as the grave. And when you dare force yourself again upon my way, and would dictate laws to my very hearth—when I speak as a man what plain men must feel—‘Oh, Mr. Darrell!’ says your injured ladyship, ‘how can you have the heart?’ Woman! were you not false as the falsest? Falsehood has no dignity to awe rebuke—falsehood no privilege of sex.”

“Darrell — Darrell — Darrell — spare me, spare me! I have been so punished—I am so miserable!”

“You!—punished!—What! you sold yourself to youth, and sleek looks, and grand titles, and the flattery of a world; and your rose-leaves were crumpled in the gorgeous marriage-bed. Adequate punishment!—a crumpled rose-leaf! True, the man was a— But why should I speak ill of him? It was he who was punished, if, accepting his rank, you recognized in himself a nothingness that you could neither love nor honor. False and ungrateful alike to the man you chose—to the man you forsook! And now you have buried one, and you have schemed to degrade the other.”

“Degrade!—Oh, it is that charge which has stung me to the quick! All the others I deserve. But *that* charge! Listen—you shall listen!”

“I stand here resigned to do so. Say all you will now, for it is the last time on earth I lend my ears to your voice.”

“Be it so—the last time.” She paused to recover speech, collect thoughts, gain strength; and strange though it may seem to those who have never loved, amidst all her grief and humiliation, there was a fearful delight in that presence from which she had been exiled since her youth—nay, delight unaccountable to herself, even in that rough, vehement, bitter tempest of reproach; for an instinct told her that there would have been no hatred in the language had no love been lingering in the soul.

“Speak,” said Darrell, gently softened, despite himself, by her evident struggle to control emotion.

Twice she began—twice voice failed her. At last her words came forth audibly. She began with her plea for Lionel and Sophy, and gathered boldness by her zeal on their behalf. She proceeded to vindicate her own motives—to acquit herself of his harsh charge. She scheme for his degradation! She had been too carried away by her desire to promote his happiness—to guard him from the possibility of a self-reproach. At first he listened to her with a haughty calmness, merely saying, in reference to Sophy and Lionel, “I have nothing to add or to alter in the resolution I have communicated to Lionel.” But when she thus insensibly mingled their cause with her own, his impatience broke out. “My happiness! Oh, well have you proved the sincerity with which you schemed for *that!* Save me from self-reproach!—me! Has Lady Montfort so wholly forgotten that she was once Caroline Lyndsay that she can assume the part of a warning angel against the terrors of self-reproach?”

“Ah!” she murmured, faintly, “can you suppose, however fickle and thankless I may seem to you—”

“Seem!” he repeated.

“Seem!” she said again, but meekly—“seem, and seem justly; yet can you suppose that when I became free to utter my remorse—to speak of gratitude, of reverence—I was insincere? Darrell, Darrell, you can not think so! That letter which reached you abroad nearly a year ago, in which I laid my pride of woman at your feet, as I lay it now in coming here—that letter, in which I asked if it were impossible for you to pardon, too late for me to atone—was written on my knees. It was the outburst of my very heart. Nay, nay, hear me out. Do not imagine that I would again obtrude a hope so contemptuously crushed!” (A deep blush came over her cheek.) “I blame you not, nor, let me say it, did your severity bring that shame which I might have justly felt had I so written to any man on earth but you—you, so reverenced from my infancy, that—”

“Ay,” interrupted Darrell, fiercely, “ay, do not fear that I should misconceive you; you would not so have addressed the young, the fair, the happy. No! you, proud beauty, with hosts, no doubt, of supplicating wooers, would have thrust that hand into the flames before it wrote to a young man, loved as the young are loved, what without shame it wrote to the old man, reverenced as the old are *reverenced!* But my heart is not old, and your boasted reverence was a mocking insult. Your letter, torn to pieces, was returned to you without a word—insult for insult! You felt no shame that I should so rudely reject your pity. Why should you? Rejected pity is not rejected love. The man was not less old because he was not reconciled to age.”

This construction of her tender penitence—this explanation of his bitter scorn—took Caroline Montfort wholly by surprise. From what writhing agonies of lacerated self-love came that pride which was but self-depreciation? It was a glimpse into the deeper rents of his charred and desolated being, which increased at once her yearning affection and her passionate despair. Vainly she tried to utter the feelings that crowded upon her!—vainly, vainly! Woman can murmur, “I have injured you—forgive!” when she can not exclaim, “You disdain me, but I love!” Vainly, vainly her bosom heaved and her lips moved under the awe of his flashing eyes and the grandeur of his indignant frown.

“Ah!” he resumed, pursuing his own thoughts with a sombre intensity of passion that rendered him almost unconscious of her presence—“Ah! I said to myself, ‘Oh, she believes that she has been so mourned and missed that my soul would spring back to her false smile; that I could be so base a slave to my senses as to pardon the traitress because her face was fair enough to haunt my dreams. She dupes herself; she is no necessity to my existence—I have wrenched it from her power years, long years ago! I will show her, since again she deigns to remember me, that I am not so old as to be grateful for the leavings of a heart. I will love another—I will be beloved. She shall not say with secret triumph, ‘The old man dotes in rejecting me.’ ”

“Darrell, Darrell—unjust—cruel; kill me rather than talk thus!”

He heeded not her cry. His words rolled on in that wonderful, varying music which, whether in tenderness or in wrath, gave to his voice a magical power—fascinating, hushing, overmastering human souls.

“But—you have the triumph; see, I am still alone! I sought the world of the young—the marriage mart of the Beautiful once more. Alas! if my eye was captured for a moment, it was by something that reminded me of you. I saw a faultless face, radiant with its virgin blush; moved to it, I drew near—sighing, turned away; it was not you! I heard the silvery laugh of a life fresh as an April morn. ‘Hark!’ I said, ‘is not that the sweet mirth-note at which all my cares were dispelled?’ Listening, I forgot my weight of years. Why! because listening, I remembered you. ‘Heed not the treacherous blush and the beguiling laugh,’ whispered Prudence. ‘Seek in congenial mind a calm companion to thine own.’ Mind!—oh frigid pedantry! Mind!—had not yours been a volume open to my eyes, in every page, methought, some lovely poet-truth never revealed to human sense before! No; you had killed to me all womanhood! Woo another!—wed another! ‘Hush,’ I said, ‘it *shall* be. Eighteen years since we parted—seeing her not, she remains eternally the same! Seeing her again, the very change that time must have brought will cure.’ I saw you—all the Past rushed back in that stolen moment. I fled—never more to dream that I can shake off the curse of memory—blent with each drop of my blood—woven with each tissue—throbbing in each nerve—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—poison-root from which every thought buds to wither—the curse to have loved and to have trusted you!”

“Merciful Heaven! can I bear this?” cried Caroline, clasping her hands to her bosom. “And is my sin so great—is it so unpardonable! Oh, if in a heart so noble, in a nature so great, mine was the unspeakable honor to inspire an affection thus enduring, must it be only—only as a curse! Why can I not repair the past? You have not ceased to love me. Call it hate—it is love still! And now, no barrier between our lives, can I never, never again—never, now that I know I am less unworthy of you by the very anguish I feel to have so stung you—can I never again be the Caroline of old!”

“Ha, ha!” burst forth the unrelenting man, with a bitter laugh!—“see the real coarseness of a woman's nature under all its fine-spun frippery! Behold these delicate creatures, that we scarcely dare to woo! how little they even comprehend the idolatry they inspire! The Caroline of old! Lo, the virgin whose hand we touched with knightly homage, whose first bashful kiss was hallowed as the gale of paradise, deserts us—sells herself at the altar—sanctifies there her very infidelity to us; and when years have passed, and a death has restored her freedom, she comes to us as if she had never pillowed her head on another's bosom, and says, ‘Can I not again be the Caroline of old!’ We men are too rude to forgive the faithless. Where is the Caroline I loved? *You*—are—my Lady Montfort! Look round. On these turfs you, then a child, played beside my children. They are dead, but less dead to me than you. Never dreamed I then that a creature so fair would be other than a child to my grave and matured existence. Then, if I glanced toward your future, I felt no pang to picture you grown to womanhood—another's bride. My hearth had for years been widowed. I had no thought of second nuptials. My son would grow up to enjoy my wealth, and realize my cherished dreams—he was snatched from me! Who alone had the power to comfort?—who alone had the courage to steal into the darkened room where I sate mourning? sure that in her voice there would be consolation, and the sight of her sympathizing tears would chide away the bitterness of mine?—who but the Caroline of old! Ah, you are weeping now. But Lady Montfort's tears have no talisman to me! You were then still a child—as a child, my soothing angel—A year or so more, my daughter, to whom all my pride of House—all my hope of race, had been consigned—she whose happiness I valued so much more than my ambition, that I had refused her hand to your young Lord of Montfort—puppet that, stripped of the millinery of titles, was not worthy to replace a doll!—my daughter, I folded her one night in my arms—I implored her to confide in me if ever she nursed a hope that I could further—knew a grief that I could banish; and she promised—and she bent her forehead to my blessing—and before daybreak she had fled with a man whose very touch was dishonor and pollution, and was lost to me forever..... Then, when I came hither to vent at my father's grave the indignant grief I suffered not the world to see, you and your mother (she who professed for me such loyal friendship, such ineffaceable gratitude), you two came kindly to share my solitude—and then, then you were a child no more!—and a sun that had never gilt my life, brightened out of the face of the Caroline of old!” He paused a moment, heeding not her bitter weeping; he was rapt from the present hour itself by the excess of that anguish which is to woe what ecstasy is to joy—swept along by the flood of thoughts that had been pent within his breast through the solitary days and haunted nights, which had made the long transition-state from his manhood's noon to its gathering eve. And in that pause there came from afar off a melodious, melancholy strain—softly, softly borne over the cold blue waters—softly, softly through the sere autumnal leaves—the music of the magic flute!

“Hark!” he said, “do you not remember? Look to that beach-tree yonder! Summer clothed it then! Do you not remember! as under that tree we stood—that same, same note came, musical as now, undulating with rise and fall—came, as if to interpret, by a voice from fairy-land, the beatings of my own mysterious heart. You had been pleading for pardon to one less ungrateful—less perfidious—than my comforter proved herself. I had listened to you, wondering why anger and wrong seemed banished from the world; and I murmured, in answer, without conscious thought of myself, ‘Happy the man whose faults your bright charity will admonish—whose griefs your tenderness will chase away! But when, years hence, children are born to yourself, spare me the one who shall most resemble you, to replace the daughter whom I can only sincerely pardon when something else can spring up to my desolate being—something that I can cherish without the memory of falsehood and the dread of shame.’ Yes, as I ceased, came that music; and as it thrilled through the summer air, I turned and met your eyes—turned and saw your blush—turned and heard some faint faltering words drowning the music with diviner sweetness; and suddenly I knew as by a revelation, that the Child I had fostered had grown the Woman whom I loved.—My own soul was laid bare to me by the flash of hope. Over the universe rushed light and color! Oh, the Caroline of old! What wonder that she became so fatally, so unspeakably beloved! As some man in ancient story, banished from his native land, is told by an oracle to seek a happier isle in undiscovered seas—freights with his all a single bark—collects on his wandering altar the last embers of his abandoned hearth—places beside it his exiled household gods; so all that my life had left to me, hallowing and hallowed, I stored in you. . . . . . I tore myself from the old native soil, the old hardy skies. Through Time's wide ocean I saw but the promised golden isle. Fables, fables!—lying oracle!—sunken vessel!—visionary isle! And life to me had till then been so utterly without love!—had passed in such arid labors—without a holiday of romance—all the fountains of the unknown passion sealed till the spell struck the rock, and every wave, every drop sparkled fresh to a single star. Yet my boyhood, like other men's, had dreamed of its Ideal. There at last that Ideal, come to life, bloomed before me; there, under those beech-trees, the Caroline of old. Oh wretched woman, now weeping at my side, well may you weep! Never can earth give you back such love as you lost in mine.”

“I know it, I know it—fool that I was—miserable fool!”

“Ay, but comfort yourself—wilder and sadder folly in myself! Your mother was right. ‘The vain child,’ she said, ‘knows not her own heart. She is new to the world—has seen none of her own years. For your sake, as for hers, I must insist on the experiment of absence. A year's ordeal—see if she is then of the same mind.’ I marveled at her coldness; proudly I submitted to her reasonings; fearlessly I confided the result to you. Ah! how radiant was your smile, when, in the parting hour, I said, ‘Summer and you will return again!’ In vain, on pretense that the experiment should be complete, did your mother carry you abroad, and exact from us both the solemn promise that not even a letter should pass between us—that our troth, made thus conditional, should be a secret to all—in vain, if meant to torture me with doubt. In my creed, a doubt is itself a treason. How lovely grew the stern face of Ambition!—how Fame seemed as a messenger from me to you! In the sound of applause I said, ‘They can not shut out the air that will carry that sound to her ears! All that I can win from Honor shall be my marriage-gifts to my queenly bride.’ See that arrested pile—begun at my son's birth, stopped a while at his death, recommenced on a statelier plan when I thought of your footstep on its floors—your shadow on its walls. Stopped now for ever! Architects can build a palace; can they build a home? But you—you—you, all the while—your smile on another's suit—your thoughts on another's hearth!”

“Not so!—not so! Your image never forsook me. I was giddy, thoughtless, dazzled, entangled; and I told you in the letter you returned to me—told you that I had been deceived!”

“Patience—patience! Deceived! Do you imagine that I do not see all that passed as in a magician's glass? Caroline Montfort, you never loved me; you never knew what love was. Thrown suddenly into the gay world, intoxicated by the effect of your own beauty, my sombre figure gradually faded dim—pale ghost indeed in the atmosphere of flowers and lustres, rank with the breath of flatterers. Then came my lord the Marquis—a cousin, privileged to familiar intimacy, to visit at will, to ride with you, dance with you, sit side by side with you, in quiet corners of thronging ball-rooms, to call you ‘Caroline.’ Tut, tut—ye are only cousins, and cousins are as brothers and sisters in the affectionate House of Vipont; and gossips talk, and young ladies envy—finest match in all England is the pretty-faced lord of Montfort! And your mother, who had said, ‘Wait a year’ to Guy Darrell, must have dreamed of the cousin, and schemed for his coronet, when she said it. And I was unseen, and I must not write; and the absent are always in the wrong—when cousins are present! And I hear your mother speak of me—hear the soft sound of her damaging praises. ‘Another long speech from your clever admirer! Don't fancy he frets; that kind of man thinks of nothing but blue-books and politics.’ And your cousin proposes, and you say with a sigh, ‘No: I am bound to Guy Darrell;’ and your mother says to my Lord, ‘Wait, and still come—as a cousin!’ And then, day by day, the sweet Mrs. Lyndsay drops into your ear the hints that shall poison your heart. Some fable is dressed to malign me; and you cry, ‘'Tis not true; prove it true, or I still keep my faith to Guy Darrell.’ Then comes the kind compact—‘If the story be false, my cousin must go;’ ‘and if it be true, you will be my own duteous child. Alas! your poor cousin is breaking his heart. A lawyer of forty has a heart made of parchment!’ Aha! you were entangled, and of course deceived! Your letter did not explain what was the tale told to you. I care not a rush what it was. It is enough for me to know, that if you had loved me, you would have loved me the more for every tale that belied me. So the tale was credited, because a relief to credit it. So the compact was kept—so the whole bargain hurried over in elegant privacy—place of barter an embassador's chapel. Bauble for bauble—a jilt's faith for a manikin's coronet. Four days before the year of trial expired, ‘Only four days more!’ I exclaimed, drunk with rapture. The journals lie before me. Three columns to Guy Darrell's speech last night; a column more to its effect on a senate, on an empire; and two lines—two little lines—to the sentence that struck Guy Darrell out of the world of men! ‘Marriage in high life.—Marquis of Montfort—Caroline Lyndsay.’ And the sun did not fall from heaven! Vulgarest of ends to the tritest of romances! In the gay world these things happen every day. Young ladies are privileged to give hopes to one man—their hands to another. ‘Is the sin so unpardonable?’ you ask with ingenuous simplicity. Lady Montfort, that depends! Reflect! What was my life before I put it into your keeping? Barren of happiness, I grant—saddened, solitary—to myself a thing of small value? But what was that life to others?—a thing full of warm beneficence, of active uses, of hardy powers fitted to noble ends! In paralyzing that life as it was to others, there may be sin wider and darker than the mere infidelity to love. And now do you dare to ask, ‘Can I again be the Caroline of old?’ ”

“I ask nothing—not even pardon,” said the miserable woman. “I might say something to show where you misjudge me—something that might palliate; but no, let it be.” Her accents were so drearily hopeless that Darrell abruptly withdrew his eyes from her face, as if fearful that the sight of her woe might weaken his resolve. She had turned mechanically back. They walked on in gloomy silence side by side, away now from the lake, back under the barbed thorn-tree — back by the moss-grown crag—back by the hollow trunks, and over the fallen leaves of trees that had defied the storms of centuries, to drop, perhaps, brittle and sapless, some quiet day when every wind is lulled.

The flute had ceased its music; the air had grown cold and piercing; the little park was soon traversed; the gate came in sight, and the humble vehicle without it. Then, involuntarily, both stopped; and on each there came at once the consciousness that they were about to part—part, never perhaps in this world to meet again; and, with all that had been said, so much unspoken—their hearts so full of what, alas! their lips could not speak.

“Lady Montfort,” at length said Darrell.

At the sound of her name she shivered.

“I have addressed you rudely—harshly—”

“No—no—”

“But that was the last exercise of a right which I now resign forever. I spoke to her who had once been Caroline Lyndsay; some gentler words are due to the widow of Lord Montfort. Whatever the wrongs you have inflicted on me—wrongs inexpiable—I recognize no less in your general nature qualities that would render you, to one whom you really loved and had never deceived, the blessing I had once hoped you would prove to me.”

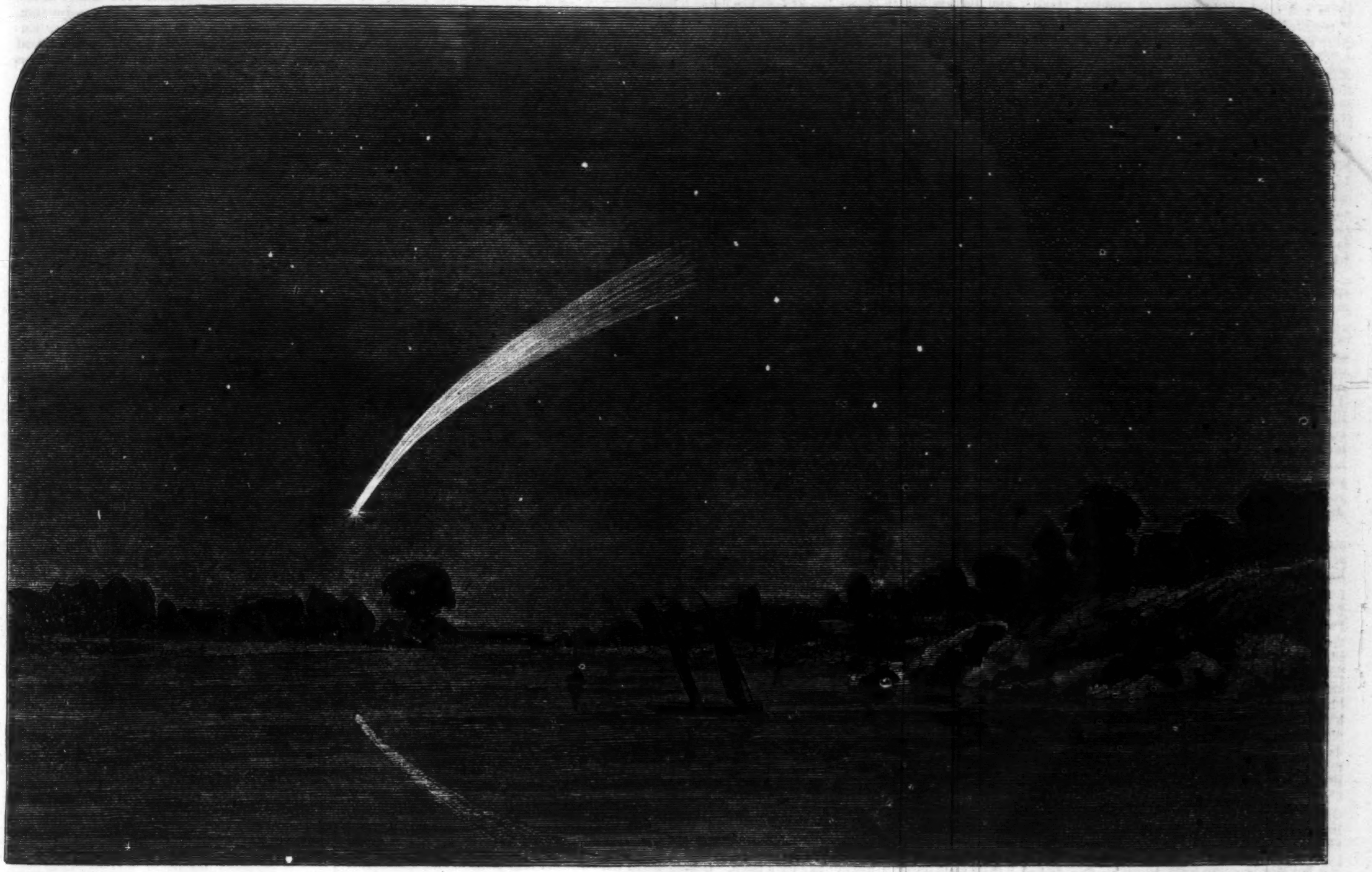
She shook her head impatiently, piteously.

“I know that in an ill-assorted union, and amidst all the temptations to which flattered beauty is exposed, your conduct has been without reproach. Forget the old man whose thoughts should now be on his grave.”

“Hush, hush—have human mercy!”

“I withdraw and repent my injustice to your motives in the protection you have given to the poor girl whom Lionel would wed; I thank you for that protection—though I refuse consent to my kinsman's prayer. Whatever her birth, I must be glad to know that she whom Lionel so loves is safe from a wretch like Losely. More—one word more—wait—it is hard for me to say it—Be happy—I can not pardon, but I *can* bless you. Farewell forever!”

More overpoweringly crushed by his tenderness than his wrath, before Caroline could recover the vehemence of her sobs he had ceased—he was gone—lost in the close gloom of a neighboring thicket, his hurried headlong path betrayed by the rustle of mournful boughs swinging back with their withered leaves.



DONATI'S COMET, AS IT APPEARED SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

THE COMET.

We give herewith a fine view of the comet as it now appears to the naked eye. All are agreed that so magnificent a phenomenon was never before seen within the lifetime of the present generation.

We gave, in a recent number, the scientific facts respecting the comet. Within three days after this paper meets the public eye—that is to say, on the 9th October—the comet will reach its nearest point of approach toward the earth. It will then be 52,000,000 miles distant from us—rather more than twice as near as the sun. It will, of course, seem much larger and brighter than it is now. From that day it will decline in brilliancy and size until, toward the close of the month, it disappears altogether. Throughout this month it will be seen from seven to nine in the northwest, and from three A.M. to daylight in the northeast.

Mr. W. C. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, writes as follows respecting the comet:

"Donati's comet will, in a few days, appear to increase rapidly in size and brilliancy. *It will be nearest the earth on the 9th of October, at which time its brilliancy will be nearly three times as great as on the 23d of September*, and its distance from us about fifty-two millions of miles.

"According to Mr. Hall's computation, the tail of this comet, on the 23d instant, extended to the length of fifteen millions of miles. The nucleus will be near the bright star Arcturus, October 5, and nearest the earth's orbit on the 20th.

"Some confusion seems to prevail in regard to there being two comets, similar in appearance, now visible to the naked eye, but such is not the case. Donati's, which is seen in the northwest after sunset, is the same which has been seen in the northeast before sunrise in the morning. This is owing to the considerable northern declination of the comet, with a right ascension differing but little from that of the sun. I mention this because I have had several letters from different parts of the country, making the inquiry whether there are two comets now to be seen by the naked eye.

"Encke's comet is barely visible to the naked eye. Tuttle's third comet of 1858 can now be seen only with the assistance of a telescope. W. C. Bond.

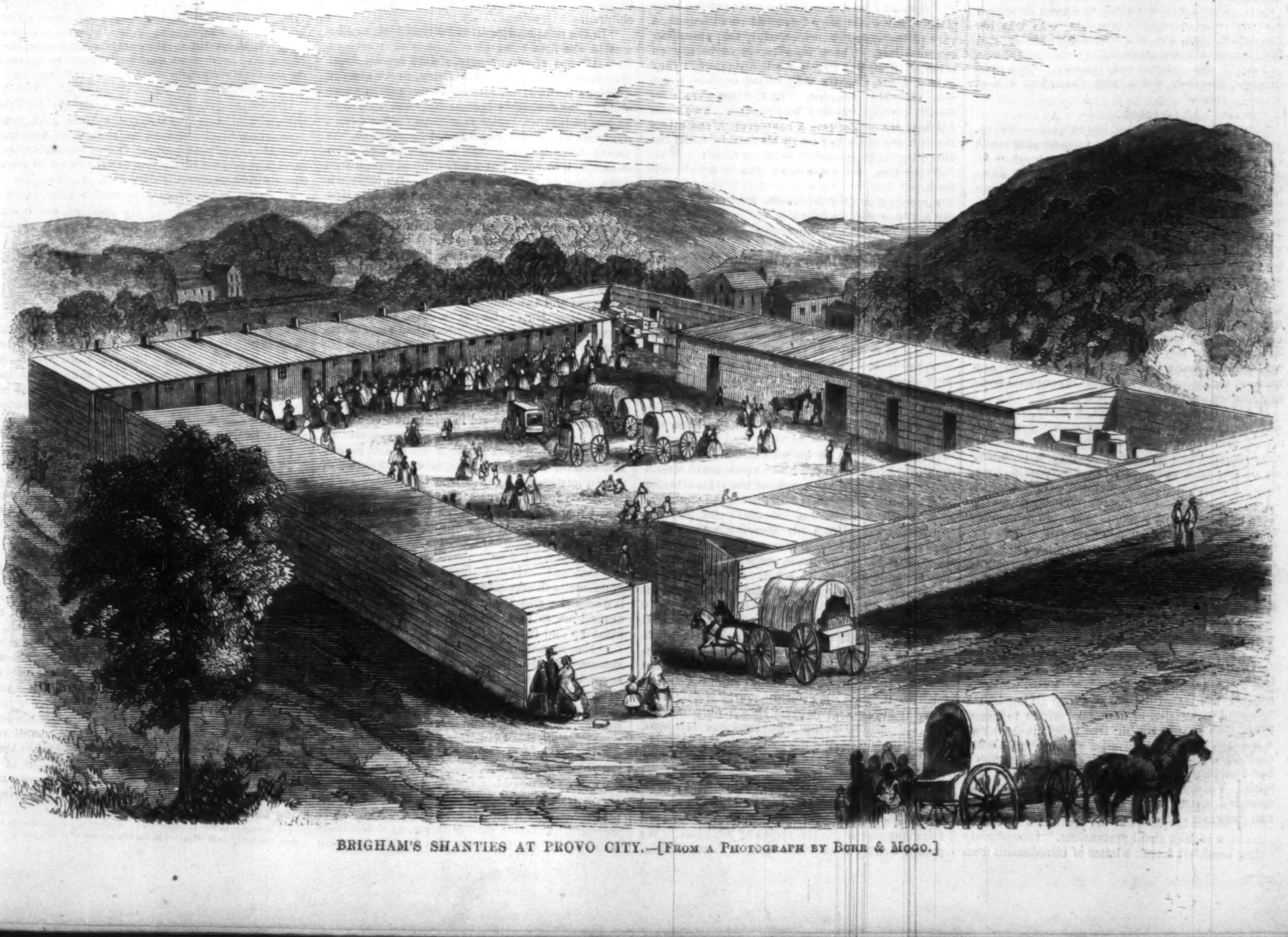
"Harvard College Observatory, *Sept.* 25."

PROVO, UTAH TERRITORY.

FROM OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENT.

Provo, *August* 21, 1858.

This strange little city of Provo has vastly changed within a few weeks. When I first entered it, about two months ago, the "Lion of the Lord" was domiciled here, with his fructuous



BRIGHAM'S SHANTIES AT PROVO CITY.—[From a Photograph by Burr & Mogo.]

wives and crescent children, his mountain hosts of mounted men, and his moved people. Then every evening one was shocked by the beating of most unmartial sounds from out the cracked heads of demoralized drums, calling the faithful to the diurnal practice of arms. Then the very air was burdened with the sounds of war. The whole people felt that the immediate future was pregnant with most important events. Intense expectancy pervaded their minds. Thus, dirty, destitute, ragged, and naked, many of them without houses or homes, abode in temporary brush wigwams, waiting the decree of their god (Brigham) as to their future fate. Who can tell all that was felt and suffered then? For many, even then, did not believe in or recognize the divinity of their blaspheming leader. I heard some whispered heart-tales at that time, but will not tell them now. Still, there was life in Provo; the place was densely crowded; every body was aroused and active; while now it is dull as the eternal tomb.

Just across the street here, opposite my hotel window, is a raised platform, shaded with trees, which spot is denominated the Bowery. It is the great Mormon church in this town. There Brigham used to smile his blessings, hurl his curses, and thunder forth his blasphemies upon his people. As the time and excitement have passed away, how strange and superhuman seem some of the meetings that I have attended there! Those wild, fanatical, excited harangues and vast audiences compare curiously enough with the present quiet, dullness, sparseness of people, and ennui of life.

As there is little news of interest in the Territory now, perhaps a reflex letter will pleasure your readers more than one of present or prospective pretensions. It was late on Saturday night when I first came into Provo, in company with three gentlemen from California. We put up at this, the Provo House, then kept by a Mr. Redfield. It is the only hotel in the place, and was already crowded. After some little effort on the part of our landlord we were given a small room for a local abiding-place during the night. We spread our blankets on the floor, and divesting ourselves of hats and boots, measured our lengths upon the planks. Fifty miles, *à cheval*, after dinner, inclined us strongly to the arms of Somnus, so we were soon enjoying the solacing and refreshing embrace of the god.

The landlord's bell awoke us in the morning. On turning over I observed that the door leading into the adjoining room was open, and that two men lay on their blankets with their heads almost in the door-way. One of them, a heavy-built, muscular man, with a broad grin on his face, looked at us curiously, and said to the one nearest to him,

"How are you, Sir?"

"Very well, I suspect. Whom may I call you?" was the reply.

"I am generally, if not always, called Bill Hickman," rejoined the heavy, muscular man.

We were all not a little surprised to find ourselves in such close proximity to the most notorious murderer and assassin in all Mormondom; but none showed it much, save our young companion, Charley Samson, who, to speak the truth, was really not yet half awake, and had only received some vague impression about Bill Hickman being around. Charley sprang out of his blankets to the middle of the room, looked around in every direction, like a man on the plains who is straining his eyes to see if Indians are near, then fixed his glance on Bill Hickman and companion, who was his younger brother, a doctor. The act, attitude, and expression were so ludicrous that both parties burst out into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. This thoroughly awoke Charley, and also gave him time to recover himself, which he did by "playing out his hand" to considerable advantage. As soon as we ceased laughing he, with as much apparent earnestness as before, threw up both hands, as if in the most absolute astonishment, and exclaimed, "*Est il possible!* Can it be that I have slept all night with Bill Hickman and am not dead, and have not got my throat cut, nor am not stabbed in the back?" Then, after feeling of himself, as if to be fully satisfied of his entirety and soundness, he rushed to the head of his bed, took up his revolver, and examined it. That, too, was there, and all right. "But my pocket-book!" exclaimed he; "where is that?" He felt for it. It was in his pocket, and had not been disturbed. Charley then very innocently declared that Bill Hickman could not be such a bad man after all. The amusing way in which this scene was enacted kept us all in a roar of laughter. Bill Hickman laughed louder than any one else; but there was not that naturalness, that hilarity about it which characterized his first outburst of mirthfulness; perhaps some of Charley's words touched him deeper than he cared to show. It all passed off pleasantly, however, and Charley and Hickman became fast friends. Indeed, it must be confessed that Bill Hickman is a much more agreeable companion than two-thirds of the Mormon men. I regard him as the ablest man in the Mormon ranks to lead a small body of desperate or determined men on a dangerous expedition. Great kindness is sometimes expressed upon his countenance. He is a man susceptible of strong affections as well as bad passions. Porter Rockwell is an infinitely harder looking man. Hickman is not a true Mormon. He cares little about any religion. He is in Mormondom because of polygamy. He is the happy or unhappy husband of five wives. It may be that Brigham understands why Bill Hickman is one of his followers; and, according to his rule with men whom he doubts, has tested his devotion by giving him a constant succession of desperate crimes to enact. A strange way of testing true religious devotion! Hickman can doubtless meet all such tests without much hardship.

It was no slight cause for mental excitation to think of being in a civilized country where a mortal man claimed to be God of this world; but only three blocks lay between me and the domicile of the man of such awful pretensions. Immediately after breakfast I took a letter of introduction from a Mormon Church dignitary, late of San Francisco, and started to see Brigham. The above illustration will give your readers a faithful impression of his premises.

Though I knew Brigham had appropriated nearly an entire square block of ten acres in the centre of Salt Lake City for his residence there, nevertheless I was not a little surprised that he should take a whole block for his temporary residence in Provo. It will be observed his house is surrounded by a high close board fence. The fence around his premises in Salt Lake City is of solid stone and masonry, twelve feet high. Why are all these inclosures built? They will not keep all secrets in, for they sometimes get out. Ah! but they do keep many, many secrets in. Brigham's house, or shed, in front of which is seen a great crowd of women, is built of rough, unplaned boards; it is about three hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high to the eaves, with a slightly-inclined board roof. The main street runs along at the outer front of this building; and it should be observed that the building has neither a door nor window at either of the ends or the side fronting the street. What does that mean? In order to get into the house you have to go through the high board fence, and then enter by the back side of it. No light comes in from the street; no one in the house can see into the street, or know what is going on there; nor can any one from the street get a glimpse of the domestic arrangements of a would-be God. The house is very rough and unfinished, the apartments being only partially separated by boards. Brigham's family is so large that the building was excessively crowded; great inconvenience was felt by the women, though they only assumed to live in the most primitive manner. The other buildings seen upon the premises are sheds used for the storage of Brigham's property. So much for the Prophet's house at Provo. Now for what I saw there. It was a very pleasant morning, and Brigham's whole herd of women and drove of children seemed to have been turned out into the inclosure to be aired. I passed through the gate seen in the left of the engraving, and was right in the crowd before I knew it. They paid no attention to me, doubtless considering me one of the brethren. The women and children, of all ages and sizes, were mixed up in beautiful confusion. How each cow—as Heber C. Kimball calls his wives—could tell her own young, was more than I could decipher. The better halves of the Prophet talked together here and there, and sometimes hallooed to each other across the yard. Some of the younger children were crying, and their mothers were seeking to pacify them. Other children were playing, hallooing, running, gamboling, shoving, tussling, etc., etc. Nothing that children ever do seemed to be omitted there at that particular time. Though it was Sabbath morning, a more perfect bedlam I never heard. It was certainly a most delightful place for a live prophet to receive his inspirations in. Having inquired of an elderly looking woman for the President—for it is by that name the Mormons now call Brigham—she sent for Brigham's private secretary. While waiting for his arrival there was a good opportunity for noticing more particularly the harmonious internal arrangements of Brigham's family. The women were dressed very indifferently; there was an absolute absence of crinoline, also of starched skirts; nor were the number of skirts abundant. The form and condition of the *femmes* showed very plainly, nor could they be set down as less than very plain-looking women, with harsh, unsmiling countenances. There were traces of beauty on some of them, but they were badly tanned; they seemed coarse; while a depressed expression sat upon their countenances. The children were barefooted, bare-legged, and bare-headed. Two little fellows near me got into a controversy, one alleging that the other had taken his marble, when the following language passed between them:

FIRST BOY. "If you don't give it up I'll tell mother."

SECOND BOY. "I don't care for your mother; my ma is as good as your ma."

FIRST BOY. "No, she ain't; your mother is only Big Betsy."

SECOND BOY. "If you call my mother names I'll tell father."

FIRST BOY. "What does father care about your mother; she ain't pretty. Oh, I would not have my mother called Big Betsy!"

SECOND BOY. "I am as good as you are for my father is your father."

FIRST BOY. "No, you ain't; for your mother ain't as good as my mother."

SECOND BOY (*in a passion*). "You are a liar!"

FIRST BOY. "I'll whale you!"

SECOND BOY. "I'll tell father, and he'll tie you up."

FIRST BOY. "No, he won't, for my mother won't let him; she'll tell him you were to blame."

How this fine controversy between the juvenile prophets ended I can not tell, for I was here interrupted by the entrance of Brigham's secretary. I suspect, however, from their growing ire, that they either tried on a little fight, or carried the quarrel to their mothers, when the phase of affairs would not probably be much bettered. Such is a sample, doubtless, of the harmonious family relations of Brigham's children.

The secretary conducted me out of the inclosure, and half a block down the street, to Brigham's office, where I was introduced to the awful presence of the Prophet—a gross, fat man, with the air of a country farmer. He seemed more devoted to business than religion during my interview with him. But, without developing the purposes and nature of that interview, I will return to his harem.

It was next Sabbath evening, just after dark, that I found myself passing Brigham's house in a rather novel position. I was a Gentile, accursed by the Mormon law, and yet one of the sisters hung upon my arm. She was the fifth wife of a man whom she loathed. She was still young, and even fair; but woe sat on the throne of her heart. We passed down the sidewalk right in front of Brigham's house, when she possessed me of the following facts: "This end of the President's house," said she, meaning the right end of it, as seen in the engraving, "is occupied by Brigham's first wife. She must be forty years old now, but is still a very pleasant and entertaining woman. She was married before Brigham joined the Mormons. For a long time she was his only wife, as it has not been many years, you are aware, since polygamy was introduced among our people. It took Brigham a long time to get her to consent to his going into polygamy; but as he was determined to do so, she thought it was better for her to seem, at least, to consent. Still it cost her a terrible struggle; she has never entirely recovered from it, nor has she yet overcome her scruples on that subject. She treats Brigham's twenty other wives kindly, courteously, almost maternally; but there is no joy in her own heart. She still loves Brigham, strongly devoted to him, and exercises considerable influence over him. He at least respects her; for he treats her with more deference than any other of his women. He has given her his mansion-house in Salt Lake City, which is the finest building in the Territory, to be occupied exclusively by herself and children, their wives and husbands. Here she is crowded into a small apartment, and her family arrangements are, necessarily, very uncomfortable. But she little regards external arrangements. She has a warm, devoted heart, and would have made an honorable man a true, noble wife where monogamy is the rule. But alas! poor woman, her heart has been wrung with intense woe for many years; and there are many, many others in this Territory like her. Oh! you have no idea of what some of our women suffer. They have to keep it to themselves, too; for if it got out, just as likely as not, the preachers, next Sunday, would call the names of the women right out in church, and scold them fearfully before all the people. It is the women of the finest feelings who suffer most, and such a public notice and retribution would torture them beyond description. Ah! if it was not for polygamy—that curse of our people and religion—we might live happily here in these isolated valleys of the mountains; but as things are, God only knows what will become of us. Some of us pray for your army to enter; but what good will that do to us women? We know how you Gentiles—I use the term not for a reproach—regard us unhappy victims of polygamy. We can not be honorably settled as wives among you; we can not become worse—you understand me—than we now are. So what shall we do? Truly the way of the transgressor is hard; but ought those of us who are in the sin, from beginning to end, contrary to our own wishes and power—who are subjected to it by unbending fate, or the dictum of parents—to receive such an overwhelming punishment as this we have? I tell you those traces of woe and anguish that you speak of seeing upon all our young women are begot by mental labor to see themselves out of this thing, or how to live conscientiously in it. We are in profound woe, profound difficulty, profound uncertainty. None can see her way out of it; to none does the future come as a vision of brightness.

"In the third apartment here is one of the earliest of Brigham's wives on the polygamous system. She is a German woman; was very beautiful when she was married, but it has since departed, and with it the affection of her lord, as you Gentiles sometimes call the husband. She has five children.

"In the next apartment is Polly Muggins. She was in the first band of emigrants that arrived from Europe after our people were settled here. On seeing Brigham her love, fancy, as well as her religious enthusiasm, seemed to have been exercised. She desired to become his wife. Yes, the coarse, ill-looking, ignorant Irish girl aspired to be the bride of our Prophet; and, what is more, she achieved her design. This, doubtless, seems curious enough to you; but I will tell you how it was done. Brigham allows every body to approach him. She went to him one day, and told him that she had read somewhere in the Old Testament about Jacob serving seven years to obtain Rachel for a wife, and that she wanted to invert that example, and serve him seven years for nothing, if he would only marry her at the end of that time. Brigham agreed to do so, and the contract was closed. She has borne him two fine sons. But the rest of the women look down upon her as the ignorant Irish servant-girl, though she is better than some others of them.

"In this next apartment, among other women, lives one twenty-five years old. She is called handsome and graceful; has been married five years, and has no children. You know enough of our religion to understand in what kind of a position that places her. Poor, unhappy creature! she is contemned alike by the Prophet and people, and especially by the Prophet's other wives. A barren tree has no honor among us.

"In the apartment next to Mrs. Brigham Young, first, I should have remarked, are some old women, formerly the wives of our first and principal Prophet, Joseph Smith. They have since been married by Brigham. He took them with the Prophet's mantle.

"Here is the apartment of Emma Clifford. She is a celebrity among us. Her room, though I have never been in it, I will venture to say is better fitted up and furnished than that of any other of Brigham's women. Miss Clifford came here from Boston. She is a young lady of dignity, wit, and accomplishments. Brigham saw and loved her. She refused his suit, denied his power, and laughed at him in his face. He, used to sycophancy and flattery, became more and more bewildered in his attachment to this beautiful, erratic creature, who was so different from every other woman around him. She scorned him, and prided herself in doing it; while he bowed but the lower at her footstool, and worshiped. Yes, this our Prophet did bow to the footstool of a fair, frail, flirting woman, and worship! It seems strange to me, as it doubtless does to you, but true it is, that he who has such awful power over things in heaven and on earth had not power to keep his manhood erect from the feet of this woman. She regarded him not, and would not resign herself to his embrace. He is not used to being thwarted in this valley; so when fair means failed he tried foul ones. He got her to his house and drugged her, then enacted a deed which, to our law, is more criminal than all others. To save her honor she married him. In due time she brought forth a beautiful boy, but has had no children since, and swears that Brigham shall never again have a child by her. She lives strictly in accordance with this oath. Brigham still loves her, and she can do almost any thing she likes with him. She moves about his premises like a queen, and regards the will of none other than herself. She is, I believe, the only woman that Brigham loves, and she knows it. She leaps upon a horse, and goes here, there, or any where, as her will directs. She mingles familiarly with Gentiles, and has, I am told, been the means of saving many of their lives. If she learns that evil is brewing against any of them, she goes and warns them. To my knowledge, a little over a year ago, she entered a Gentile house late at night, went into a man's bedroom, where he was asleep, and ordered him to be gone—to fly for his life. He obeyed instantly; but ere his bed was cold maskers were in his room, and ere an hour fleet horses were on his track; but his warning was well given; he understood the minutiæ of the plot, and escaped. Brigham once offered Miss Clifford $5000 if she would leave him and return to her friends in Boston. She agreed to do so, and made the necessary preparations for her departure; but when she was ready Brigham refused to give up her child. She is said to have replied: 'Do you think I will leave my boy in the hands of such a devil as you? No, never! I will stay here; yes, I will stay here now till I dance over your dead body, and chant at your grave.' And she still persists in it, that she will yet dance over Brigham's grave."

The apartments in Brigham's house, as seen in the engraving, are only partially separated. They have a lath partition about six feet high between them, so whatever is said or done in one room can be seen or heard in the next. This has given rise to some gossip in regard to the nocturnal arrangements of the parties. When the multitude of children have to be "tied up" at night, their squalling rolls from end to end of the building, like the deafening roar of harsh trumpets. Then the Prophet must have a good opportunity for enjoying the sweet and holy calm of divine inspiration!

I had by this time arrived where it was necessary to part from my pleasant companion. So I will here close this letter by remarking that the only two items of news are, *first*, that Judges Eckels and Sinclair have gone south to Fillmore, to fix the time for the sitting of the Supreme Court; and, *second*, that General Johnston has had to employ part of his army to prevent the Indians from committing depredations on the Mormons.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

GRAND MATCH IN PARIS.

MORPHY *v.* HARRWITZ.—A private communication from Paris enables us to lay before our readers the latest state of the score in this highly exciting contest, and to congratulate the amateurs of America upon the satisfactory position in which their champion and representative therein stands. We have the greater pleasure in so doing for the reason that no man living can tell whether, or no, these two gentlemen are not now engaged in fighting *for the Chess championship of the whole world!* The first two games in the match were won by Harrwitz; the last three were scored by Paul Morphy, who has now *four more to win.*

For the following beautiful specimen of Chess play we are indebted to our friend, Mr. D. Fiske, co-editor, with Paul Morphy, of the New York *Chess Monthly;* wherein, with an occasional exception in our own favor, these games will be *exclusively* published.

GAME II.

Between Messrs. Harrwitz and Paul Morphy; being the fourth game occurring in the match now in course of play in Paris.

	BLACK, *Morphy*.	WHITE, *Harrwitz*.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P × P
4.	Q × P	Kt to Q B 3
5.	B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2
6.	B × Kt	B × B
7.	B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8.	B to K R 4	Kt to K R 3
9.	Kt to Q B 3	Q to Q 2
10.	Castles (K R)	B to K 2
11.	Q R to Q	Castles (K R)
12.	Q to B 4 (check)	R to B 2
13.	Kt to Q 4	Kt to K Kt 5
14.	P to K R 3	Kt to K 4
15.	Q to K 2	P to K Kt 4 (*a*)
16.	B to Kt 3	R to Kt 2
17.	Kt to K B 5	R to Kt 3
18.	P to K B 4 (*b*)	P × P
19.	R × P	K to R
20.	R to R 4	B to K B
21.	B × Kt	B P × B
22.	R to K B	Q to K 3
23.	Kt to Kt 5	Q to K Kt
24.	R to B 2	P to Q R 3
25.	Kt × B P	R to Q B
26.	Kt to Q 5	B × Kt
27.	P × B	R to Q B 2
28.	P to B 4	B to K 2
29.	R to R 5	Q to K
30.	P to Q B 5 (*c*)	Q R × P
31.	R × P (check)	K × R
32.	Q to R 5 (check)	K to Kt
33.	Kt × B (check)	K to Kt 2
34.	Kt to B 5 (check)	K to Kt
35.	Kt × Q B P	

White resigns.

The time occupied by this game was three hours—rather a low average, considering the importance of the occasion.

NOTES.

(*a*) A very hazardous move, as it exposes the position of his King considerably, without, as it appears to us, affording him an attack of any thing like a commensurate value.

(*b*) The attack, if such there were, has already changed hands, and Black's defense is, of necessity, really servile.

(*c*) This move, and those ensuing, are *Paul Morphy* all over. It is likewise *all over* with Harrwitz. It is rare, indeed, that, against such a player as Mr H., opportunity is afforded for the display of such brilliancy as is exhibited in the closing moves of this *partie*.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN Irish counsel was asked by the Judge "for whom he was concerned;" he answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old!"

While a member of the Sophomore class, of B—— College, the dulness of lecture-room duties was dissipated by the following incident. Our instructor was examining the class upon some previous lectures, and the question "From which one of the three sons of Noah are we supposed to be descended?" was given to Davis, who, in a bold tone, answered, "Shem, Sir." Whereupon, of course, the boys laughed, heartily. Professor Campbell checked their hilarity, and reproved them for being so uncourteous as to laugh at the mere *lapsus linguæ* of their fellow-student; and, turning toward D., said, "Come, now, Mr. D., tell us from which one do we derive our paternity?" D. looked red and confused. A little fellow, from Kentucky (who proved himself scarce to D.'s subsequent search), sitting next to D., earnestly whispered to him, "Ham! Ham!" And, sure enough, D. sung out, at the top of his voice, "Ham, Sir," and wiped down one side of his countenance with his "rag." Mr. C. was evidently most strongly tempted to augment the *boys*-terous peals of laughter that re-echoed in Chapel Hall—but he did not; and, with an effort, succeeded in subduing his smiles and his students; then, with a compassionate look at D., he said to the next one on the list, "Will you be so good, Mr. E., as to correct the errors into which Mr. D. has fallen?" "Yes, Sir," said he, smoothing his whiskers and emitting sparks of intelligence from his brown eyes; "it was Jephthah." For a few moments silence did not reign.

The following may serve to show how green a man can be, and yet "keep" the year 'round. The laws of the State of Maine, in regard to the publication of the intention of marriage, are somewhat Puritanic, and require more time to be consumed in the publication than is agreeable to those who are impatient to enjoy the bliss of wedded life. The consequence is, that many couples rush into the neighboring State of New Hampshire, where they are at once made man and wife, with a degree of celerity that often astonishes the old folks at home. The little city of Portsmouth, right on the line of the State, seems to be the most popular resort of the marrying people; and hardly a day passes that does not there witness the devotion of its Maine neighbors to the Union. A short time since a couple from the Pine-tree State visited Portsmouth for the laudable purpose of being married. The gentleman was evidently inexperienced in these matters; for it should be borne in mind that in this affair, as in all others, there must be the first time. However, the landlord, well understanding the wants of his guests, speedily secured the services of a clergyman, who, with a subscribing witness, met the happy man in the parlor of the hotel. After exhausting all the commonplace conversation, the clergyman, thinking, perhaps, that our hero would like to have the performance begin, meekly inquired "if the lady was ready?" "What!" exclaimed the candidate, with a look of surprise, "you don't want nothing of her, do ye?" "Yes," said the clergyman, with difficulty restraining his risibles, "it will be essential to the proper consummation of the marriage that she should be present." "Wa'al!" rejoined our friend, "I guess she'll come down if you want her to—I'll go and see;" and, at once, started for the lady's room, whence he soon returned, leading by the hand the fair maiden, who, like Barkis, *was* willing, and the happy couple were quickly made one, agreeably to the statute in such case made and provided.

An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia, the other day, to his friend in the "ould counthry," concluded a letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it's so or no—I'll visit ould Ireland before I leave Philomadelfy."

A California correspondent gives the following incident of backwoods life in Arkansas: "I one evening rode up to a farm-house, and asked accommodations for the night. The good man of the house told me to 'light,' and so I 'lit' and went in. A young woman was busy preparing the table for our evening meal. After a while she called out to a tow-headed boy who had been amusing himself by digging in the ground with a knife or a stick, 'You Sol, bring that thare knife here, yous allers a diggin' with them ar knives, you'll keep on tell you lose 'em all.' 'That ar boy,' turning to me as she spoke, 'has lost knives, it is amazin' to tell; we hain't got nuf to set table.' At this the boy came into the house, went to the table, said nothing but went from plate to plate, took up each knife, examined it, laid it down, and when he had gone around the table, said, 'Sal, you tell a lie; I hain't lost nary knife, for here is old butch, casey, one prong, no handle, and caney.' These gastronomical instruments were in such constant use that they had acquired distinctive appellations. The origin of most of these terms is obvious. Upon examination, 'caney' was found to be a knife with a bit of cane for a handle. 'Sol' was evidently opposed to any attempt at keeping up appearances in such a desperate state of circumstances."

The Boston *Courier* is responsible for the following: "A few days ago Senator Wilson visited the Charleston Navy Yard, and after walking about and visiting the premises, he reclined against the fence which surrounds the ordnance park, to rest himself, when a lynx-eyed watchman came up to him and told him to 'move along, for people were not allowed to be on the fence in that yard.'"

Two men up in New Hampshire went a fishing. One was totally ignorant of figures, the other, probably, had been to the "Rule of Three." After catching a large quantity of the finny tribe they proposed to divide them and return. In counting them it was found they had forty-nine hickory shad (a small fish, very full of bones, and worthless) and one large, fine, fat bass. They were puzzled to know how to divide them, as both wanted the bass. After a while a happy thought struck the man of figures, and he told his companion he would divide them according to the rules of arithmetic, which proposition was readily agreed to. He then, with pencil and paper and with a knowing look, commenced, "Twice five is ten. Five times ten is fifty. Forty-nine from fifty leaves one;" and with an astonished gaze said to his companion, "The bass is mine." The other, picking up his shad, started off, and remarked, "What a great thing it is to have a little eddication!"

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the animal as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper around its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

"Dad," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are on this table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two," replied the smart boy. "There are three, Sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man; "I'd like to see you prove it."

"Easily done Sir—easily done. Ain't that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Oct.* 4, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite depressed for Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Oats, and prices of these have steadily favored buyers. The supplies have exceeded the requirements of purchasers. The demand has been mainly for home use. Barley has been actively sought after at improved rates. Cotton has been freely dealt in, and has advanced....Provisions have been freely offered at generally easier prices, yet the inquiry has been restricted....Groceries have been in moderate request at about previous figures....Rosin, Spirits-Turpentine, Hides, Leather, Tobacco, and Wool have attracted more attention....Desirable styles of Dry Goods, which have been needed, have not been freely offered, and prices for such have been generally sustained. Domestic Cottons have been less sought after. Woolens are also rather sparingly inquired for, and even Cassimeres are attracting little attention. The demand for foreign fabrics runs mainly on choice fancy styles, of which the available supply is moderate. These pay fairly. Staple Goods are not active, and the tendency of the market is in favor of buyers. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,295,477 against $1,097,966 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $47,768,913 against $82,070,562 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 40	@	$4 40
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 95	@	5 40
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 90	@	5 20
Extra Western, per barrel	5 25	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 65	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 40	@	6 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 60	@	8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 20	@	4 20
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 58
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 26
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	69	@	73½
Rye, per bushel	79	@	80
Barley, per bushel	1 05	@	1 10
Western Oats, per bushel	48	@	51
State Oats, per bushel	45	@	49
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13½	@	13¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 90	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 90	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@	11 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@	21
Cheese, per pound	5	@	8½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	46	@	48
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	23
Hops, new, per pound	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857	7	@	9
Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	51	@	52
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 37½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	74	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Freights continued inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 3½d. @ 4½d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 774 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were not so freely offered, while the demand was good....Milch Cows were moderately inquired for at unchanged prices....Veal Calves were plenty and heavy....Sheep and Lambs were dull, and prices tended downward....Swine were less abundant, and were in request at slightly improved rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Sept.* 22.	Week ending *Sept.* 29.
Beeves	5,304	4,095
Milch Cows	214	170
Veal Calves	567	575
Sheep and Lambs	12,807	12,386
Swine	10,305	8,687

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	969	Indiana	428
Ohio	838	Kentucky	87
New York	741	Texas	68

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5½	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked with the leading kinds of Produce, for which there exists a fair inquiry at uniform prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$ 3 75
Pears, " "	2 00	@	16 00
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound	2	@	12
Quinces, per 100	1 25	@	1 75
Citron, per 100	2 75	@	5 50
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 12½	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 00	@	3 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	87	@	1 25
Pumpkins, per 100	5 00	@	8 00
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	2 00	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	62	@	2 25
Tomatoes, per bushel	31	@	44
Celery, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen	62	@	3 50
Salad, per dozen heads	15	@	25
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@	18½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13½	@	15½
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	62	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	50	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	75	@	87
Black Ducks, per pair	—	@	75
Teal, per pair	37	@	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Oct.* 4, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 2, 1858	$3,303,980	$1,079,315
Corresponding week, 1857	2,596,054	1,627,240
Increase	$707,926	
Decrease		$547,925

This time last year the contraction of imports had begun; hence, in part, the apparent increase this year, as shown above. The export of specie was $1,076,404, against which we received $1,570,924 from California. The banks this afternoon will show, it is supposed, about $29,000,000. The Sub-Treasury now holds a trifle over eleven millions.

Money is as cheap as it has been any time this year. On Government or State securities it can be borrowed at 3 per cent; and on good railroad securities, or first-class short paper, at 4. Exchange on Europe continues to rate high; we quote sterling at 110, and francs at 5.12½.

The stock market has been more active within the past week; Panama, Pacific Mail, and New York Central being the chief favorites. Pacific Mail sold as high as 109, but reacted afterward to 104½, at which price it closed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOURNING BONNETS!
CLOAKS AND SHAWLS!
A very large and elegant assortment, NOW OPEN,
At W. JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,
No. 551 BROADWAY, bet'n Spring and Prince Streets.

THE AMERICAN PATENT COMPANY,
INCORPORATED JUNE, 1858.
Procures Patents; investigates Patent Claims; negotiates the Sale of Patent Rights, both in this country and in Europe; tests the value of New Inventions; executes Mechanical and other Drawings; furnishes Engravings of New Patents, and all information pertaining to Patents, but owns no interest in them.
Office—Carlisle Block, S. W. cor. Fourth & Walnut,
CINCINNATI, O.

OFFICERS.
WILLIAM RESOR, *Prest.* M. BENSON, *Patent Solicitor.*
R. S. NEWTON, *Vice Prest.* G. W. L. BICKLEY, *Editor.*
D. MILLARD, *Patent Negotiator.* H. E. CLIFTON, *Secretary.*
The Company also publish
THE SCIENTIFIC ARTISAN, at $2 00 PER ANNUM.

DIRECTORS.
WM. RESOR, MARTIN BENSON, N. HEADINGTON,
DAVID MILLARD, GEO. H. HILL, R. S. NEWTON,
THOS. SHERLOCK, G. W. L. BICKLEY. H. E. CLIFTON.
All Letters connected with the business of the paper, must be addressed to the AMERICAN PATENT COMPANY.

JUST PUBLISHED; FOR SALE AT
CROWEN'S, 699 BROADWAY.
COMMON SENSE.
A Social Satire in Verse (delivered last winter), by
GEO. VANDENHOFF, A.M.
LECTURE COMMITTEES: Address Mr. V. GREENFIELD, Mass.

TO CASH AND SHORT TIME BUYERS.
NEW STOCK OF
RIBBONS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.
MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,
599 Broadway,
OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE most select and desirable stocks of the above goods to be seen in the city.
☞ Millinery and Dress-Makers supplied on liberal terms.

"VROOM & FOWLER'S"
WALNUT OIL MILITARY SHAVING SOAP,
Guaranteed to suit the most fastidious.
JOHN B. VROOM, ONLY MAKER, 72 Cherry St., N. Y.

DEDICATED TO
CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.,
THE ATLANTIC CABLE BOUQUET,
Distilled from ocean spray and fragrant flowers, prepared especially in honor of the national ovation held in New York, Sept. 1. E. DUPUY, Family Chemist, 609 Broadway. Sold every where.

DR. MUNDE'S WATER-CURE AT FLORENCE, MASS. (Three miles from the Northampton Depot). Price for Patients $12 per week.

FRENCH PROTESTANT INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, Nos. 48 and 50 East 24th Street, near Madison Park, Boarding and Day School, will re-open on *Sept.* 15*th* next. Classics, Mathematics, English, Spanish, German languages, besides the *French*, which is the language of the School. A *Junior* Department has been added. For details, references, &c., circulars to be had.
Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

LADIES VISITING THE SEA-SIDE, TOURISTS, AND
TRAVELERS
Will find the application of
GODFREY'S EXTRACT
OF
ELDER FLOWERS
both cooling and refreshing to the Face and Skin, allaying all heat and irritability, removing Eruptions, Sunburn, Freckles, and Tan, and rendering the skin soft, clean, and healthy. Price One Dollar.
EUGENE DUPUY, 609 Broadway,
Family Chemist.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.
DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
THE GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia that, for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child while in a state of trance, has cured every body who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of FITS as of DYSPEPSIA.

An engraving is here given of the principal herb employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in any drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person, on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage. Address
DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
FALL AND WINTER
GARMENTS,
ON
Tuesday, *Oct.* 5, 1858,
AT
No. 300 CANAL STREET
AND
No. 479 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.—That Singer's Sewing Machines make the best stitch ever invented has been widely known for years. Other machines may make a similar stitch upon a few light fabrics, but SINGER'S alone are competent to do every kind of work upon any variety of fabric.
SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES have the same relative superiority as his Machines for manufacturing purposes. They are also more beautiful than any other. Hemming and binding gauges of the most improved style are applied, when desired, to any of Singer's Machines.
I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway, N. Y.

$40 SEWING MACHINES.—Our large size two thread—locked elastic stitched—table and treadle—equal to $100 machines.
VERNON & CO., Agts., 329½ Broadway.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Full particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted.
SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

BEAUTIFUL LADIES use GARDNER'S PIMPLE DESTROYER, which accounts for their health and beautiful complexion. It removes pimples and all eruptions upon the skin in a few days. Musquito bites instantly removed. GARDNER & CO., No. 457 Broadway. For sale by Druggists.

$900 A YEAR!!!
CAN BE MADE BY!!!
Peddlers, Young Men, and Traveling Agents.
We manufacture an article which is small, light, and easily carried. All that is required to sell this article is to show it—required in every family, and readily sold to merchants.
Peddlers and all others whose business requires them to travel, can do well with this article, as it takes but little room, does not interfere with other goods or business, and meets with a quick sale.
Any person sending us eight 3 cent stamps, or 25 cents, which is to pay the postage on the article, will receive a sample by mail and all necessary information.
Five to Ten Dollars capital is sufficient to commence with, and prove what we say.
This is no humbug or lottery speculation. Address
VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS, Rondout, Ulster Co., N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—GENUINE!!—This popular remedy for purifying the blood and the cure of ulcerous and eruptive disorders may be taken at this season of the year, with salutary effect, by every one. No change of diet necessary. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

NOW READY.
A NEW EDITION OF THE
GREAT TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT
TO
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Orders can now be supplied for the above, if sent in at once.
Price FIVE CENTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Continued pain or uneasiness in any organ is generally cured by one or more doses of Brandreth's Pills.
Dr. James Lull, of Potsdam, N. Y., says:—"I have cured the most deplorable costiveness of the bowels with Brandreth's pills, when every other remedy had failed, and the patient was given up to die. Skin diseases of an inveterate and painful character, such as erysipelas, salt rheum, tetter and summer-heat, I have seen eradicated by their use. I have cured the rheumatic, the epileptic, the paralytic, and the consumptive with these excellent pills alone."
In jaundice and all affections of the liver, dyspepsia, dysentery and diarrhœa, pleurisy, sudden pains and inflammations, female obstructions, scorbutic and scrofulous, even gouty and neuralgic affections, have given way to the use of this medicine, and now, after twenty years' experience, my estimation of Brandreth's Pills continues to increase.
OBSTRUCTION.
A young lady, beautiful and healthy, took cold, which caused a serious obstruction for two years; her health was broken down and her beauty departed. At length Brandreth's Pills were tried; eleven doses, of from two to four, were taken in fifteen days preceding the usual period. Regularity was restored, and her health and good looks recovered.
WORMS.
Brandreth's Pills are the best vermifuge; they are infallible. A little child, six years old, for some weeks was drooping; its mother gave it one of Brandreth's sugar-coated pills; the next day there came away a worm sixteen inches long, and as large as a child's finger. The child was well.
PLEURISY.
A gentleman, away from home, was taken with pleurisy; the inflammation was terrible; every breath made him writhe with agony. Eight Brandreth's Pills were swallowed, and warm oil applied locally; the pills operated, and the pain was relieved; plenty of gruel was taken, and six more pills, and the second day the patient was cured.
These statements should have weight, and prevent the use of poisonous drugs, and stop the sad practice of bleeding. B. BRANDRETH.
Brandreth's Pills are sold at the Principal Office, 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building, at 25 cents per box; and the same, sugar coated, warranted to keep as well as the plain.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York.